

# FACTUAL

A Day in Court \* \* 10  
Disarming the Kiddies 27  
Mother Did Better \* 52  
Science of Substitutes 78

# FICTIONAL

The Blind of Kagoll \* 3  
Success Story \* \* 84  
The Dog Who Could  
Read \* \* \* \* 87  
The Man St. Peter  
Liked \* \* \* \* 91

# UNUSUAL

The "Prophetic Cen-  
turies" \* \* \* \* 185

# HISTORICAL

The Polite War \* \* 44  
Christmas Was a Crime 55  
The Last Frontier \* 92

# SATIRICAL

The Way Things  
Really Are \* \* \* 33  
Time Marches on in  
Twelfth St. \* \* 97

# PERSONAL

Married a Writer \* 67  
Master-BUILDER \* \* 171

# REGIONAL

Amish Wedding \* \* 37  
City 'Round the Bend 74

# QUIZZICAL

Game of Authors \* \* 49

# CULTURAL

Precursor to Ivanhoe 15  
Medieval Manuscript  
Miniatures \* \* 18-26  
Doll House Furniture 59-66  
British Iron Age  
Enamels \* \* 99-103  
Madonnas \* \* 104-110  
Contemporary  
Architecture \* 173-182  
A Note on Rossini \* 191

# PICTORIAL

Portfolio \* \* \* 111-118  
Composition \* 120-127  
Children \* \* \* 128-131  
Landscapes \* \* 132, 133  
Studies \* \* \* 134-145  
Seasons \* \* \* 146-149  
Sports \* \* \* 150, 151  
Portraits \* \* 152, 153  
Animals \* \* \* 154-157  
Human Interest \* 158-170

COVER: Portrait of a Lady  
by Paolo di Dono (called)  
Uccello (1396-1475) Na-  
tional Gallery, London

# CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"



DECEMBER, 1937

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

IN GREAT BRITAIN 2/6



## CORONET

for  
DECEMBER  
1937

### TEXTUAL FEATURES

#### FACTUAL:

- A Day In Court  
Margaret Tayler Yates 10  
Disarming the Kiddies  
Lawrence Martin 27  
Mother Did Better  
Anonymous 52  
Science of Substitutes  
George W. Gray 78

#### FICTIONAL:

- The Blind of Kagoll  
Robert Neumann 3  
Success Story  
Evan E. Steger, Jr. 84  
The Dog Who Could Read  
Neil Miller 87  
The Man St. Peter Liked  
Frank Lloyd Wright 91

#### UNUSUAL:

- The "Prophetic Centuries"  
Charles Hammer 185

#### HISTORICAL:

- The Polite War  
Frank Smith 44  
Christmas Was a Crime  
Robert M. Hyatt 55  
The Last Frontier  
Richard L. Neuberger 92

#### CULTURAL:

- Precursor to Ivanhoe  
Edward Wagenknecht 15  
Art for Religion's Sake . . . 18  
Madonnas as Mothers . . . 104  
Talking Pictures . . . B. G. 119  
A Note on Rossini  
Carleton Smith 191

#### SATIRICAL:

- The Way Things Really Are  
Parke Cummings 33  
Time Marches on in Twelfth  
Street . . . Theodore Irwin 97

#### PERSONAL:

- I Married a Writer  
Anonymous 67  
Master-Builders Meyer Levin 171

#### METRICAL:

- Agnus Dei . . . Dale Fisher 42  
The Hen . . . John Havener 82

#### REGIONAL:

- Amish Wedding  
Janice Devine 37  
City 'Round the Bend  
Louis Zara 74

#### QUIZZICAL:

- Game of Authors A. I. Green 49

### PICTORIAL FEATURES

#### COVER:

- Portrait of a Lady by Paolo di  
Dono (called) Uccello (1396-1475)  
National Gallery, London.

#### ART REPRODUCTIONS:

- MEDIEVAL MANUSCRIPT  
MINIATURES . . . . . 19-26  
DOLL HOUSE FURNITURE 59-66  
BRITISH IRON AGE  
ENAMELS . . . . . 99-103  
CLASSIC PAINTINGS  
Madonna and Child  
Borgognone 105

- Madonna and Child  
van der Weyden 106  
Madonna and Child with St.  
John . . . . . Perugino 107  
Madonna with the Basket  
Correggio 108  
Madonna and Child Dürer 109  
Madonna with the Rabbit  
Titian 110

#### AQUATINTS:

- Agnus Dei . George Jo Mess 43  
The Hen . . . George Jo Mess 83

*Continued on inside back cover*

DAVID A. SMART  
PUBLISHER

CORONET  
Dec. 1, 1937

CORONET is published monthly by David A. Smart, Publication, Circulation and General Offices, Esquire-Coronet, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for the United States, and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central America, and South America, \$4.00 a year in advance; elsewhere \$5.00. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Entire contents cop'd 1937 by Esquire-Coronet, Inc.

Vol. 3, No. 2  
Whole No. 14



CORONET  
*for*  
DECEMBER  
1937

*Continued from inside front cover*

CONTEMPORARY

ARCHITECTURE:

SKETCHES AND DESIGNS BY  
FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

Broadacre City . . . . .	173
Edgar Kaufmann House . . . . .	179
Herbert F. Johnson House . . . . .	180
Herbert Jacobs House . . . . .	181
Paul Hanna House . . . . .	182

TALIESIN SCENES:

Extra-Curricular Activity . . . . .	174
Picnic Day . . . . .	175
The Playhouse . . . . .	176
Buildings and Landscape . . . . .	177
Construction and Terrain . . . . .	178

PHOTOGRAPHS:

PORTFOLIO

Cathedrals . . . . .	111-118
----------------------	---------

COMPOSITION

Evening in Paris . . . . .	Brassai 120
Potluck . . . . .	Baumgartner 121
Fireworks over the Seine . . . . .	Brassai 122

Fireworks over the Eiffel Tower . . . . .	Brassai 123
Rain . . . . .	Brassai 124
Fog . . . . .	Brassai 125
The Balcony . . . . .	Révész-Biró 126
Pont Neuf . . . . .	Brassai 127

CHILDREN

A Time for Joy . . . . .	Csörgeő 128
A Time for Sorrow . . . . .	Brunius 129
Disillusion . . . . .	Steiner 130
Industry . . . . .	Deutch 131

LANDSCAPES

Wagon Path . . . . .	Freligh 132
Beside the Still Waters . . . . .	Kletz 133

STUDIES

Madonna in Plastic . . . . .	Woods 134
Shadow Heart . . . . .	Deutch 135
Arrested Motion . . . . .	Wallace 136

Practice Step . . . . .	Wallace 137
Penumbra . . . . .	Selchow 138
Poupée . . . . .	Guethhoff 139
Platinum . . . . .	Blumenfeld 140
Faithful Shadow . . . . .	Tannenwald 141

Mountain Morning . . . . .	Dorr 142
Dancing Fury . . . . .	De Gaston 143
Reclining Torso . . . . .	Brassai 144
Weary . . . . .	Zucca 145

SEASONS

Gleam . . . . .	Zajky 146
Sparkle . . . . .	Horváth 147
White Christmas . . . . .	Lujo 148
Intimation of Spring . . . . .	Wagner 149

SPORTS

Skis . . . . .	Kornić 150
Skates . . . . .	Hase 151

PORTRAITS

Ishmael . . . . .	Dorr 152
Patriarch . . . . .	Von P'khammer 153

ANIMALS

Sponge . . . . .	Steiner 154
Stuffed Shirt . . . . .	Steiner 155
Suspicion . . . . .	Steiner 156
Trust . . . . .	Arthaud 157

HUMAN INTEREST

After Titian . . . . .	Campbell 158
Carpathian Shrine . . . . .	Kornić 159
Hope Eternal . . . . .	Hollán 160
Twilight of Despair . . . . .	Vadas 161
The Strenuous Life . . . . .	Deutch 162
Please! . . . . .	Vadas 163
Sing Tidings . . . . .	Miller 164

. . . of Comfort and Joy . . . . .	Van de Poll 165
------------------------------------	-----------------

Festive Headdress . . . . .	Ramhab 166
Turanian Shepherd . . . . .	Eke 167
Prison Sunshine . . . . .	Bernard 168
Neighborhood News Service . . . . .	Wallace 169
Burial at Sea . . . . .	Feher 170

ARNOLD GINGRICH  
EDITOR

Manuscripts, photographs and drawings should be addressed to Arnold Gingrich, Editor, c/o CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.





# THE BLIND OF KAGOLL

*TERRIBLE WAS THE DESTRUCTION THAT THE  
SIGHTLESS HUNDRED VISITED ON THEMSELVES*



THIS happened at Kagoll, a small town on the Bange Valley, less than two hours by rail beyond Frankfort. But it was in the spring of 1919, only a few months after the War was over—which means to say, at a time when one disaster followed the other, when one blow of fate succeeded the other, each so glaringly worse than the last that the previous one was completely obscured and forgotten. So that there is hardly anyone who still remembers the occurrence.

At that time Kagoll still had its Home for the Blind—an ancient building that lay about a thousand yards outside the town, on the open country road leading to Oftenburg and Guldingen. There they were, a hundred and twenty of them, engrossed in their tedious, humdrum daily task, or else they stepped out in front of the gate, and held up their pale hands in the sunlight, to feel the fragrance and goodness of the hour.

The Home, which had till recently been the symbol and center of a very amiable and pardonable ambition, had now become a burden and terrible anxiety to the citizens. For it meant

a hundred and twenty men, women and children, who had to be fed—at a time when a house could be got for almost less than a coat, and a coat for less than a peck of corn. One did what one could. Instead of fresh meat there was American bacon, and instead of potatoes there were turnips tough as wood—yet very soon, where previously there had been cartloads every day, there now came to the Home only a small barrow-load sent by the Municipality.

And then when everybody began to feel the terrible pangs of hunger, and people thought only of their own troubles, it was left to the blind to act as their own beasts of burden and drag their food home from the town themselves. Not that this was a hard task, for as long as they could manage to grope their way along the almost straight road, the barrow was not a very hard load to pull.

It was the barrow that started it. Now that the blind had to send one of their own people to the town each day, and trust him with the food for the lot, they began for the first time to suspect that one of them might cheat,

might help himself to more than his fair share of their meager supplies, and eat his fill at the expense of the rest.

It was on the day that it came to Pius Hupf's turn—Pius Hupf, the Bavarian sapper, reeking of tobacco, with his voice thick with beer, and his overcoat of military cloth, Pius Hupf, on whose victorious march to Verdun a flammenwerfer had got directly in his way, and shown him the road to the Home at Kagoll. That did it. One of them yelled: "Hupf has pinched half of it! He's been chewing all along the road!" Seven of them got broken heads, and then Hupf, pushed out by twenty-seven fists, found himself in the street, on the other side of the gate. He stood there for a time, swearing, and raising his clenched fist, and threatened that he would come back with the police. Then he turned aside, and stumbled blindly into the fields, and was gone.

The other hundred and nineteen did not gain much by that. Hupf had been thrown out, but Wuermsieder, whose turn was next, fared no better. And even fat Julia went to bed the following evening fuming imprecations and limping from blows. Not one of them trusted the other. And when Messenhauser growled in his long beard that he was the right person to put in charge of the barrow, since he was not a stray dog, but had his wife and children with him in the Home, Martha Helmscheid cackled that this didn't signify anything, for if he had many mouths to feed obviously he must find

more bread for them; and she went on to say that the best thing would be to leave it to her. Messenhauser immediately bellowed that a hen that cackles also pecks at the grains, and if one is as stupid as a hen she would let herself be cheated while the food was being weighed out in the Town Hall. Another day they sent three together, but that was no better, because they never stopped feeling each other's jaws to see whether one of them wasn't chewing, and they ended up by hitting each other so furiously, that when they got half way, near the Jolly Waggoner, the barrow was upset and half the load was lost.

That evening it was decided to place the barrow in charge of someone whose tender innocence would be proof against selfishness. This was Messenhauser's daughter, Judith, who was not yet fourteen. She spoke little, as was fitting for one born blind, and she was lightfooted, small-boned, and her skin was soft and odorous like the smooth bark of a birch.

So the next day, Judith Messenhauser took her shawl and the light stick which she used to feel her way, and left the Home. That was on the fourteenth, at four minutes past four. The time is easily fixed. We know that a little later she passed the Jolly Waggoner, pulling the empty hand-barrow, and it was soon after five that she stopped the barrow outside the door of the Town Hall, and felt for the bell-pull. The porter with the help of the caretaker brought up the daily ration



from the cellar—cauliflower, bacon, fig-coffee and the weekly sack of sugar, and dismissed the messenger, who moved off, bending her slight body over the shaft of the tiny vehicle. It was then about a quarter past five, for it was proved (and that, it should be remarked, was the last thing it was possible to prove) that the landlord and the chambermaid at the Jolly Waggoner saw Judith Messenhauser pass their windows a few minutes before six, dragging her barrow with difficulty in the direction of the Home for the Blind.

After that, along the six hundred yards of road between the Waggoner and the asylum, the trail was lost. Judith Messenhauser did not return. She was lost together with the barrow and the load of provisions. The road here runs between fields, sown with

winter corn, long stalked rye that in late spring stands shoulder-high and shuts out the view from both sides of the road, right and left. A clearly marked patch of this corn, about 250 yards from the Home for the Blind, was afterwards found trodden down by the tracks of two different pairs of men's boots—two men had lurked in ambush there. One track stopped there, the other led falteringly to the road, and at that very point a small wheel-rut turned sharply to the right into the field. For some distance the track of this unexplained deviation of Judith Messenhauser's and her barrow showed up clearly, and with it, straight across the field, went the track of a man. Then the track of the second man joined them, and the three—always with the barrow, and the girl always between the two men—con-

tinued for another eight hundred yards right into the country, up to a haystack near a deep pond. The heaped hay had been disturbed, and near the remains of a tramp's camp-fire lay a few pieces of wood, possibly what was left of the barrow. And there was also a bit of dress material, already unrecognizable, lying in the mud at the side of the pond—after that, all trace of Judith was lost. Not even the finding of Pius Hupf's dead body in a vineyard in Gultingen—probably murdered by his companion, because he knew too much—was ever proved to have any connection with her disappearance.

What was proved and what did become known was what took place in the Home for the Blind when Judith did not appear with the day's provisions. It was just time for getting supper. The inmates went out to the gate, they sniffed the air and listened if anything was coming down the road from Kagoll. They cursed, and waited. They waited in vain. Soon some of them were boiling with fury. And though some said that he was the last person to trust, yet Messenhauser was sent off in the sunset-cool to look for his daughter and the barrow. He was aware of being roughly bundled into the street, and he thereupon made his way to the town, which he reached at night when everything was quiet. He found the Town Hall closed. Nobody could tell him anything. Hoping that the girl would by now have found her way back, he started off home. Then

he began to run, and he arrived panting and out of breath. There was a terrible row, and if the others had not been so famished and weakened, they would probably have killed Messenhauser. In the end he got away with a good hiding, and went limping to bed, with his beard all disheveled—incidentally, as it happened, that saved his life. As for the others, this is what took place:

Those who had from the first been against sending Messenhauser now had the say, and they insisted, above all, Martha Helmscheid and Wuerm-sieder, that they should in God's name be sent out, three of them, five, seven, and they would find the barrow and would bring back that young slut, Judith, even if they had to drag her all the way back by her hair. But one voice rose above all the rest, that of little Hihi, who climbed up on a chair, waved his hand, and squeaked in shrill treble: "Not five! Not seven! There's nothing to eat—let's all go to look for the Messenhauser girl! And if the Mayor has kept the food in his larder, hihi, then we'll prick him out of his sleep with our kitchen knives!" That started a tremendous shouting and clapping and waving of arms; chairs were knocked over; a dozen of them were convulsed with laughing. Then they seized knives and sticks and wrenched the legs out of the chairs. And one of them tied a dishcloth onto a broomstick as emblem and banner of the blind, and they burst out of the gate, men, women, children, all



jammed together, stumbling and shrieking. "To Kagoll! To Kagoll!" they shouted, thirty, fifty of them. Then they formed up in a troop, headed by Julia with the flag. And the troop stamped, in marching step. And shouting and whooping, it moved off. And once more they shouted: "To Kagoll!"

It is a thousand yards to the Home for the Blind. Right and left of the road the corn stood shoulder-high. Through the corn there rustled pregnantly, cool and fragrant, the long breath of early night, and above swam in soft waves, scarcely felt and unwarming, an ivory brightness; a comfortingly-growing three-quarter moon sailed out from behind the crest of a vine-clad hill. And though a hundred tramping in marching order behind the banner of their mad frenzy carried

menace, outcries and clenched fists through the gentle night, and though little Hihi, striding with ridiculously long steps at the side of fat Julia, the standard-bearer, at the head of the troop, sent his shrill giggle to precede them all as battle-cry and watchword and marching music, and though Wuermesieder, who had his own kitchen-knife, borrowed another from Joseph, the musician, and kept whetting one against the other, while he volubly proclaimed his bloodthirsty intentions, and though those in front sang and those in the middle whistled and those at the back of the procession bawled the Cologne Song of the Blind like a chorus—there still were among the hundred, five or seven who grew quiet, lagged behind to listen to the solitary breath of the wind, and lifted their pale hands to feel the

relentless and yet comfortingly cool shadow-light of the three-quarter moon. These walked more soberly, more slowly. They lagged five, ten, then fifty feet behind the hotheads. And they were already a considerable distance away when those in front suddenly stopped, and suddenly deciding on a new plan, stumblingly turned aside, and in order to rest for a while, burst through three doors into the Jolly Waggoner, and overran the bar, the parlor, and all the other rooms of the inn, shouting and brandishing knives and sticks. The few late customers who were there just managed to escape through the back-door and the windows. The landlord happened to be out. The chambermaid and the barman scampered up the stairs into the garret, and shot the bolts behind them.

"Commandeered!" shouted one who had come with Hupf from Verdun, and knew the business. "Commandeered!" shouted, howled, laughed, fifty, eighty others—and now madness seized them. Two of the customers who had escaped from the inn, Bluehdorn and Kesselfink, had stopped running halfway to the town, and stole back across the fields. They looked through the windows, and reported that the blind, men, women and children, on benches and chairs, had besieged all the tables like a swarm of grasshoppers. Martha Helmscheid with standard-bearer Jula and four other women had groped their way into the kitchen and larder, had

put fat into the pans and prepared food. There was a screeching and scurrying like that of a brood of pigeons into which a vulture has flown. The key of the cellar was with the two upstairs in the garret. But Joseph the musician fumbling behind the bar came across a heavy beam, and using it as a battering-ram, ten of them ran at the door and smashed it in. They stumbled on, shrieking. They rolled down the stairs. They pulled themselves up. They laughed shrilly. They found what they wanted. Out of the cellar, up the steps, into the rooms came from hand to hand like firemen's buckets one jug of wine after the other. The first batch, who had already finished their ravenous feed, were now sobered and silenced.

"Commandeered!" shouted the man from Verdun. Then one of them, groping along the wall, found a fiddle and tore it down. It was passed over their outstretched hands to the musician, who swung himself with it onto a table and fiddled away like the devil, till he banged his head into the electric globe that hung from the ceiling. It burst and the room was dark. So Bluehdorn and Kesselfink at the window saw nothing more, and only heard tables being moved and the fiddle playing, and feet dancing to its tune inside the dark house. Then they felt a cold shiver down their spines, and they ran. So that there were not witnesses of what followed.

One can only assume that the flames started from the kitchen fire that had





been left unguarded. They devoured the heavy curtains and thus made their way into the rooms. There they perched in the rafters. It was not till long after that the spiral flames shot through the roof and lighted up the night. That was the end of the blind of Kagoll. By the time the fire brigade dashed up the street, the shrieking and laughter had long since turned to groaning and howling, and the howling to moaning, which then faded into a whimpering silence. Not a soul was saved. Not a single one had been able to get to the door. None of them would let anybody else go first. So that when the Jolly Waggoner was burnt down, a hundred charred skeletons were found, men, women and children, inextricably jammed together in heaps near the doors, a wilderness of strug-

gling bones that no one could disentangle. They were laid in the graves as they were, all of them together.

Strange and enigmatic is what happened to those few—there were three girls, one old man and a boy—who, walking more slowly, had dropped behind the crowd. It is certain that they were not burnt in the Jolly Waggoner. They did not turn aside, but went straight past the inn, on their way to the town. A few heard their footfalls echo in the street. A few saw them at the other end of the town regain the road, and go wandering on, lingeringly listening to the solitary breath of the wind, falteringly lifting their pale hands in the relentless yet comfortingly cool shadow-light of the three-quarter moon.

—ROBERT NEUMANN



## A DAY IN COURT

POIGNANT TESTIMONY THAT A LEPER, TOO,  
HAS SENSES, AFFECTIONS, HUMAN PASSIONS



COURT was in session on the island of Culion. Not an ordinary court, this. No black-gowned judge pedestaled behind rosewood, no double row of twelve good men and true ranged, poster-wise against old oaken paneling; no fire-eating district attorney with leveled, accusing finger. No muffled sound of heavy traffic and rushing "El's."

Through open door and windows, hot, aromatic sunshine, like golden syrup fresh from the cauldron, poured its sticky sweetness into the long, bare room. Overhead, bending palms fretted the galvanized iron roof with noisy fingers. Behind a low-railed enclosure the Administrative Executive of the Culion Leper Colony, a kind-eyed, brown-skinned man, his lithe form clad in the neatest of khaki uniforms, sat before a plain, flat-topped desk. To one side, railed off from his chief, a brown-skinned clerk poised pencil above notebook. A group of men chatted together at a window and watched, keen-eyed, the pitiful figures mounting the outside stairs, filing into the second-story room and silently taking the seats indicated by

the fingerless hand of a uniformed native policeman. One by one they came, accused, accusers, witnesses, relatives. Some were dressed for an occasion, freshly starched *comesas* showing snowy underwear beneath. A few walked in *chenales*, but the majority displayed bare, distorted brown feet.

Every face bore a tell-tale mark. The men grouped near the window—counsels for defense—were similarly branded. One brushed the hair from his forehead with a hand from which three fingers were missing. The skin hung pendulous over the cheek-bones of the clerk. For all within that room—every man, woman, and child, with the exception of the Judge-Executive and myself, who sat beside his desk—were lepers.

Despair, fear, nervousness, indignation (righteous and otherwise), callousness, bland self-satisfaction, injured innocence, mirth—the whole gamut of emotions—were depicted upon the disfigured faces ranged along the wall, emphasizing the only point of similarity between this strange court session and one at home.

Interest and curiosity awoke at sight of an *Americana*, for visitors at Cullion, especially women visitors, are rare indeed, and a guest at court session almost unheard of. Sibilant whispers shuttled back and forth along the line. My dress, hat, shoes, manner were discussed in many tongues strange to my ears, and translated to me *sotto voce* by the leper clerk, proud of his English and missing no chance to use it. The counsels for defense looked me over, too, and I looked back with equally frank curiosity. For here were educated men, men used to luxury and soft living, doomed by their affliction to spend the rest of their lives on this hot little island, and making the most of their opportunities for service and self-improvement. There were five of them, fine looking men, in spite of their disease. The judge presented them to me and they bowed at a distance, the clerk whispering to me that "they do not come close lest you should have fear."

The judge cleared his throat; the audience hushed; the counsels moved forward.

"*El Corte bubusasang!*"

The clerk leaned close to the dividing rail. "The Court," he whispered, "will now open."

A woman, a man and a boy rose and came to stand respectfully before the railed enclosure. Eagerness and hope shone in their faces. The man and the woman showed scars cleanly healed; the boy none at all. The man spoke in a soft tongue; the judge an-

swered in kind, then turned to me.

"These people," he said, "have been pronounced negative for the required term of two years, and are awaiting return to their homes. They want to know how soon they may leave and if their clearance papers are ready. I have told them the boat for the south passes here within the month and that everything shall be arranged. See," as they went smiling into the sunshine, "they are very happy now. But I don't know, I don't know. Some who have left us are begging to return . . . some have returned. They find things so different after many years, and this seems home to them. That man leaves a wife and that boy a mother, and I think they will be homesick soon. Next case!"

"Maria Flores! Jose Gonzales!" called the clerk.

Impetuous Maria, fat, forty, and as fair as healed lesions would permit, rushed to the rail, words pouring from her lips. The judge spoke sharply, and Maria snapped white teeth over an unfinished sentence. "He says," whispered the clerk, "that she must be quiet." A small meek man moved near—but not too near, and stood waiting patiently. A counsel stood by his side. Followed long talk, questions, answers, examination of witnesses and an occasional outburst from Maria. The judge laughed and turned to me.

"This woman," he explained, "has also been negative for two years. She is leaving for her home in Manila tomorrow, by the same boat on which

you will travel. This man owes her ten pesos and she wants her *dinero*. He says he will pay tonight and I have told him if he does not his debt will be increased to fifteen pesos. Now I have it on them both. She is a greedy one, that Maria, and all day she will worry for fear he will pay on time."

A leper mother came next, her eyes bright with unshed tears, her face and bare arms showing the terrible ravages of her disease. She wanted to know when she could see her baby, her little clean son who had been taken away from her so young lest he, too, become infected. To her, thinking of his own beautiful little ones, housed safely on the far side of the island, the judge spoke tenderly. "'Nisia Ramos, you must have patience, you must have much patience. Soon you may go into Balala and see your *bambino*, but not yet. Why? Because he is very busy becoming used to the fine new house we have built for him. When he is accustomed to it, you may visit him, 'Nisia, and see how happy and well he is. But not now. Now go home and wait. One week more and you may see your *bambino*."

'Nisia of the empty breasts went silently out without a glance for the tears in my own eyes.

"Next!"

Two mischievous lads, mezzotinted counterparts of Mr. Peck's wayward offspring, were brought forward by the policeman. They had broken a window. They must pay. "Next!"

A lavandera asked wages from her

employer whose clothes she had washed for two months without pay. He claimed to have paid. "Call the witnesses," demanded the judge. "What? You have none? Neither of you? Get some and come back next session. Suspended. Next!"

A youth and a girl stood forward, not looking at each other, the young man everywhere else; the girl staring straight ahead with hard bright eyes, whose whites showed the characteristic red of native anger. Friendly hands pushed forward a chair into which the girl slumped, hands clasped convulsively on her knees. The judge sighed as he turned to me, and shook his head.

"This is a sad case," he said in his slow precise English. "This poor girl cannot—will not understand. And she drags the boy into court for every session. Here is the situation: These two were engaged to be married. We try very hard to discourage marriage among the lepers, but if we forbid it, they . . ." He shrugged. "So we must do the best we can. Notice of intent to marry must be given the authorities two months before the date. That gives us time to look into the condition of the contracting parties, to ascertain how far the disease has advanced in each, and to determine if marriage is the best or the worst thing for them. This girl, as you can see, is far advanced in leprosy; for her there is no hope. The boy is but lightly touched and is improving so rapidly that we are sure of his cure in a few years.

You can see how it would be. First we tried talking to the girl, hoping her love would permit of sacrifice. But no. She is a wild thing from the interior, whose whole life has been a struggle to acquire. She understands nothing of giving up. So we talked to the boy, made him understand that freedom and health are before him if he takes care of himself. It worked. And for a long time he has been trying to break off with her, until now he is weary of the whole thing and shamed before his friends. She follows him publicly, pleading, threatening. Now she is here to show me the letter of repudiation he has written her. As though I did not already know about it! It is sad—makes me feel like a criminal, but what can one do? If a leper is curable, we must effect that cure, it is our duty. The boy is not as callous as he looks, he did not know before that there was a cure for him. Now it is different and home and friends seem closer. It is sad, this."

He turned to the girl, gently questioning her. But she answered not a word, though her eyes burned with hatred and despair into his. Counsel for the Ilocanos answered for her in the dialect, and read aloud the soiled letter she took from her bosom. The judge spoke to the youth who squirmed in an agony of embarrassment. "He is telling him," whispered the clerk, "that his letter is too rough." Longer still he spoke to the girl. What he said I don't know, for the clerk was busy with his notes. But I could imagine as

I watched those hard bright eyes gleaming out of that poor, ravaged face. As he finished, the judge motioned to an older woman, who came forward and took the girl away.

"I have sent her to jail for ten days," explained the judge. "Perhaps I am wrong, but I have tried everything else."

Two counsels whispered together, smiled and nudged the others, who looked and burst out laughing. The clerk, so politely alert to keep me in touch and so proud of his English, leaned once more across the rail, whispering to me, "They find it amusing that the American *señora* weeps." "Next!"

Another leper mother, this time with a ten-year-old daughter clinging to her hand. The counsel for the Viscayas spoke; the judge answered and dismissed the case. "This child," he told me, "is another two-year negative. She looks perfectly healthy and she is. We are returning her to Cebu, but her mother feels she is too young to make the long journey alone and asks that she remain here until relatives can come for her. Here is a rarity in primitive motherhood—one not afraid to part with her child. The girl was born here—one of those poor ones who came before we had the nursery in Balala. But thanks to early treatment and a conscientious mother, more eager for her child's cure since she knows her own case to be hopeless, the little one's disease has never progressed to the disfiguring stage.

She will grow to be a beautiful woman—and a good one, if early training counts. Next!”

Two youths who next stood before the bench, came asking pardon. They had, it seems, been hanging around the girls’ dormitory, inveigling the inmates into all sorts of unconventional, nocturnal escapades. They had been sentenced to three months’ hard work on the Culion wood pile, a jail sentence being rarely given in the colony. Now, having served two months with good behavior, they asked reprieve. After a long lecture, this was granted on condition that the offense never be repeated.

Next, an incorrigible girl. Mischievous eyes dancing in a round merry face, not unattractive for all its forbidding marks. But a bad girl—always in trouble. She had been placed at first in the Roman Catholic Dormitory but had fretted at the restrictions and had asked to be transferred to the Protestant Home for Girls. The missionary’s wife, a gaunt, hard-bitten exponent of Hell Fire, stood beside her asking that the authorities send her somewhere else, “because she would not live up to the tenets of the Evangelical Faith.” A native woman, whose kind eyes might have bespoken frustrated motherhood, came forward with an offer of home and care, since no one seemed to want her, either. The girl clung to her hand and grinned roguishly at the judge, who smiled back at her impudence. As the flaming doorway swallowed the pair,

the kind eyes of the judge followed them.

“You can’t repress youth,” he said. “Even leprous youth. Why is religion always laid on with such a heavy, smothering hand in these far places?”

Four men came next, asking for some empty Standard Oil tins in which to carry water down the long, hard trails to home. Granted.

The policeman stood forth, saluting with the stub of hand left to him. He reported, according to my friend, the clerk, that someone was stealing fruit and vegetables from the Government Farm, at the far end of the colony. “I have told him,” the judge explained, “that he is to go out and arrest those someones. If they are men, he is to bring them to jail; if they are monkeys, he is to bring them to our research laboratories.

“Is that all?”

That, it seemed, was all. The court had gradually emptied as each case was disposed of, until none were left but the policeman, counsels for defense, the whispering clerk and the so very queer *señora dolorosa*. The counsels bowed and left, the judge sighed, rose, dusted his immaculate uniform, took his cap from the peg. “I, also, am sad on these days,” he said with an understanding smile.

Then we, too, passed into the sunshine, leaving the bare courtroom to the policeman, the whispering clerk, the scratching palm fingers and the whimpering ghosts of little wrongs that were buried there.

—MARGARET TAYLER YATES

# PRECURSOR TO IVANHOE

CONCERNING THE BOOK THAT FIRST SET  
THE PATTERN OF THE HISTORICAL NOVEL



WITHOUT defining one's terms it would be unwarranted to call any particular work the first historical novel. Or the first anything else, for that matter. Way back in Queen Elizabeth's time, in *The Unfortunate Traveler*, or, *The History of Jack Wilton*, Thomas Nashe, university wit and writer of parts, introduced historical characters and events into a story. And in 1720 we have Defoe's *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, which deals with the life of an English soldier. But only by an extension of the term can *The Unfortunate Traveler* be called a novel—like all the Elizabethan efforts along this line, it is rather a novel in embryo—and Defoe's work is imitation history rather than a work of fiction as commonly considered.

What the English or American reader thinks of when he speaks of a historical novel is, first of all, a book by Sir Walter Scott. This is not simply because Scott was the greatest writer we have had in this field; it is much more because he established the type to which at least nine out of every ten historical novels in the English language since his time have conformed.

Of late, attempts have been made to blaze another trail. During recent years we have had a large number of novels in which, instead of keeping bona fide historical characters in the background, for color and atmosphere, while imaginary personages carry out the plot-action (which is what Scott, for the most part, does), our kings and queens and saints and heroes have themselves become the principal actors of the fable. It is at least a question, however, whether such books are not better history than fiction. The novelist who deliberately chooses as his hero a man whose life is a matter of actual record is, in effect, asking his imagination to wear a strait-jacket. He voluntarily relinquishes most of the advantages which the novelist has over the biographer.

Scott refused to be thus circumscribed. His books are an extraordinary combination of realism and romance. He attempted to exclude the definitely "modern" from his historical novels, but he felt free to confuse "the manners of two or three centuries" when, as in *Ivanhoe*, it



seemed an advantage so to do. There was an example of the antiquarian method before him in Joseph Strutt's *Queenhoo-Hall*, which had been left unfinished by the author's death, but although he himself tinkered with this book and published it, he did not altogether approve of it. His criticism was that Strutt had overlooked "that extensive neutral ground, the large proportion . . . of manners and sentiments which are common to us and to our ancestors"—that he had neglected, in other words, to keep in mind that continuity of racial experience without which neither historian nor novelist could ever succeed in vitalizing the past. When I call the Reverend Thomas Leland's *Longsword, Earl of Salisbury*, published in 1762, the first historical novel, what I mean, then, is that here, for the first time, we encounter substantially the formula that Scott afterwards so much more skillfully employed. We have embarked upon the road to *Ivanhoe*.

The central character, William de Longespée, third earl of Salisbury, is supposed to be the natural son of King Henry II and Fair Rosamund. In the opening scene, he lands on the coast of Cornwall, and tells the story of his adventures in France to one Sir Randolph whom he encounters there. When he has finished, Randolph tells him briefly of the problem he must confront at home. Raymond, the nephew of King John's evil counselor, Hubert, has possessed himself of Longsword's castle, and now is seek-

ing to wed Ela, his supposed widow.

Book III shifts to a direct account of Ela's persecution. Raymond's agent is a man named Grey, a villainous intriguer. Grey has a brother, an evil monk named Reginhald. There is no point in following through the whole complicated intrigue.

Leland's preface disclaims depth, all pretence of historical accuracy, and all desire to force a moral upon the reader. Judged by high aesthetic standards, he can hardly be said to have done very much more than tell an interesting story. Historically, however, *Longsword* is a book of considerable interest, and it happens to have connections in English literature both backwards and forwards. Sometimes, like Janus, it even manages to look in both directions at the same time. The principal backward connection is, of course, with Shakespeare. From *King John* Leland takes the name Hubert, adding that of Tyrrel from *Richard III*. Grey belongs to the school of Shakespeare's Machiavellian intriguers—the Iago of *Othello* and the Edmund of *Lear*.

In the course of his French adventures, Longsword, who is supposed to be asleep in his bed, hears two assassins plotting to murder him. Their conference recalls the discussion between the murderers of the Duke of Clarence in *Richard III*. "It is now," said one, "the very moment of execution; he sleeps: take you this dagger, and let us enter: when we have dispatched this Englishman, my or-



ders are to plunge his body in the river." As Longsword listened to this hellish discourse, "The cold dew issued from every pore; I commended myself to heaven; and lay entranced in dismay." This scene was to be duplicated many times in the Gothic novels of the years ahead.

When he has several characters or groups of characters whose fortunes he must follow, each with individual adventures, Scott sometimes carries one up to an interesting crisis in the narrative, and then leaves him there in his unhappy predicament, while he returns to another, bringing him (or them) to the same point in time. Leland uses this same trick in *Longsword*, notably in the poisoning scene. As Longsword raises the poisoned bowl to his lips, Reginhald, without waiting to see him actually drink it, leaves the hall abruptly to carry tidings of the earl's death to King John. As he does so, his point of view becomes our own, or the camera leaves the hall and traces the footsteps of Reginhald (whatever way we care to put it), but in any case it is not until some time later that we learn that Longsword did not really drink. This is a crude method of securing suspense—indeed, it never became precisely subtle in Scott's hands, though he used it more effectively than Leland—but it is an interesting technical experiment nevertheless.

It would not be fair to leave the impression that *Longsword* in itself is a work of no interest. It has many

romantic scenes and features. I think any lover of historical fiction will read it with interest, though of course many better historical novels have been written since. Those who turn back over these millions of intervening pages to *Longsword* are, therefore, generally seeking something more than entertainment. The book provides one more link between the Elizabethan drama and the late 18th century novel. Later in the century we get such books as *The Recess*, of Sophia Lee, and the humorous historical novels of James White, who set out to show that "our forefathers were as foolish as we are ourselves," and, in the first decade following 1800, the works of Jane Porter—*Thaddeus of Warsaw* and *The Scottish Chiefs*—which still find a considerable number of readers today. On the whole, however, the historical novel must be said to have developed rather slowly, after what seemed like an excellent beginning, for the suggestions Leland threw out were not taken up with anything like the avidity that they should have been. Had it not been for Sir Walter's genius, the whole thing might very well have landed in the dustbin. Fortunately it has never lacked its distinguished practitioners since, clear down to our own day with its Mary Johnston, and John Buchan, and Marjorie Bowen. It says something for Leland that one should be able to trace his pattern so closely in the work of the greatest of his successors.

—EDWARD WAGENKNECHT

# ART FOR RELIGION'S SAKE

A NOTE ON THE WORLD'S FIRST (AND LAST)  
NON-COMMERCIAL, NON-VAINGLORIOUS ARTISTS



IT is impossible to imagine that the greatest of the ecclesiastical paintings of the past were done purely from motives of religious devotion, that there was no ulterior thought of personal fame behind their execution. It is difficult, indeed, to conceive of any work, even in the field of religious art, which does not contain some element of self-aggrandizement—until one remembers the illuminated manuscripts that are the heritage of the monasteries of medieval Europe.

"Religious art" is a two-word phrase. Artistically, manuscript miniatures such as those reproduced on the following pages do not stand at the highest level, although they possess a naïve beauty which is perfect in its way. From the religious standpoint, however, there could be no higher plane of sincerity and devotion. These miniatures were truly created "for the greater glory of God." There could, indeed, scarcely have been any other motive. Certainly, the twin incentives of profit and fame were far from the illuminator's mind, for he worked without recompense and he worked anonymously.

But he did not work under handicaps, or at least under any that were not conducive to his art. The monastic illuminator was shut off from the tumultuous medieval world in a haven of peace. There was no pressure either of time or of money. True, his was a painstaking form of art; but what might seem tedious to a modern was actually a welcome relief from the drab routine of monastery life.

Even the stringent requirements of his religious duties added to the favorable circumstances under which the illuminator worked. Owing to the frequently recurring choir services, he could never remain at his task for more than two hours at a time. Mental co-ordination and manual dexterity were constantly refreshed; as a result, the exceptional crispness of touch that distinguishes medieval miniatures seldom relaxes.

Thus the unknown artist of the monasteries labored. And when he came to the last page of his illuminated manuscript, perhaps after years of toil, he wrote his little *Explicit*, commending himself to the prayers of those into whose hands his work might fall.



BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

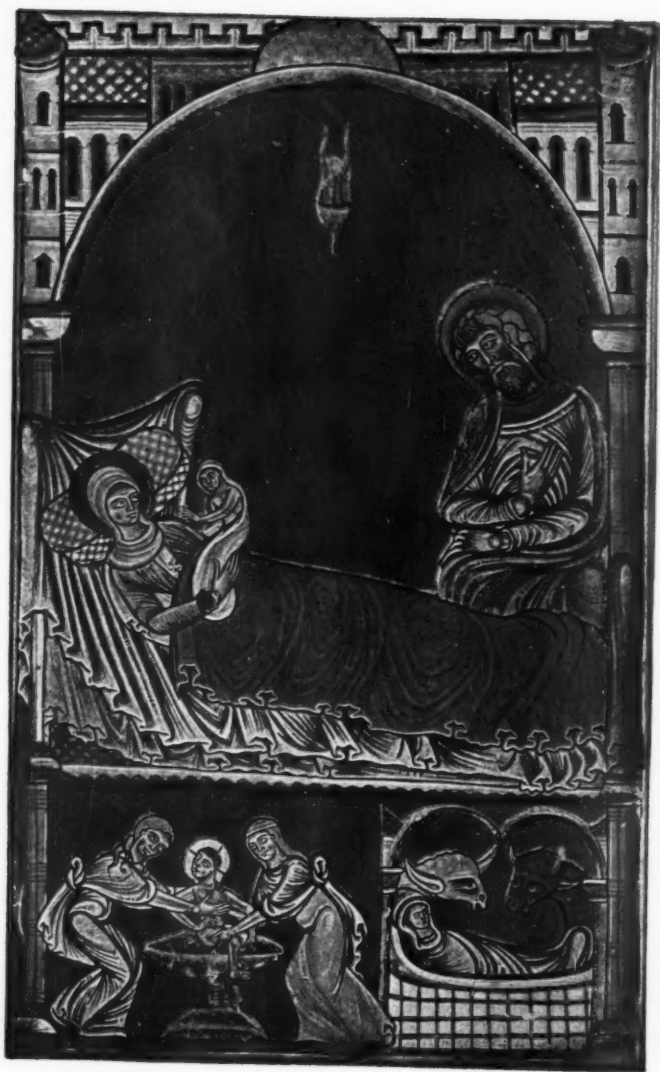
## THE ANNUNCIATION

DECEMBER, 1937



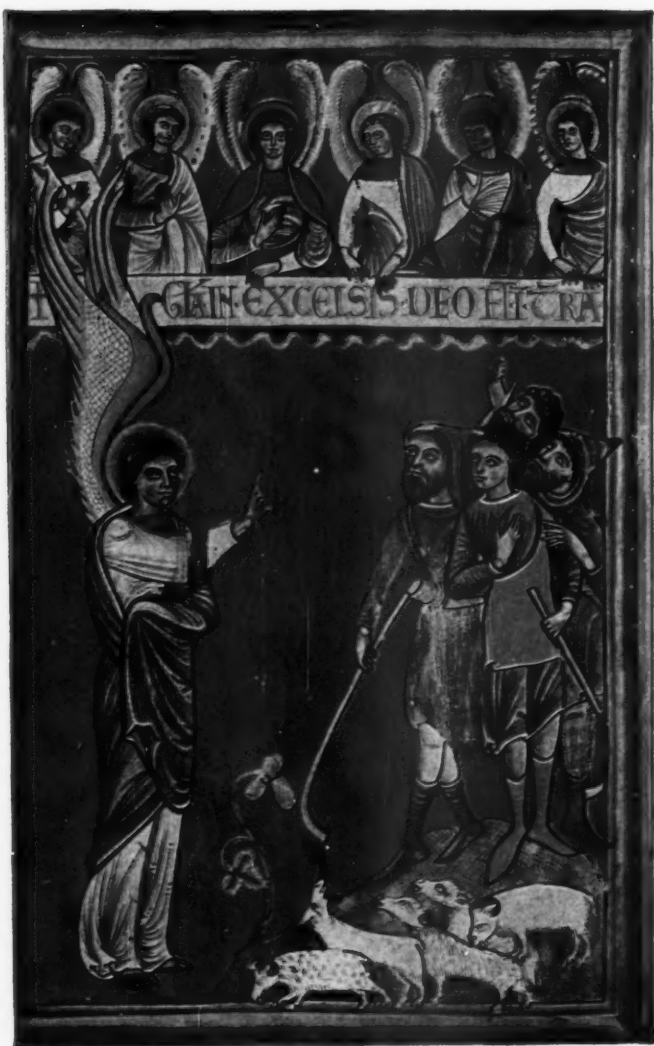
THE VISITATION

CORONET

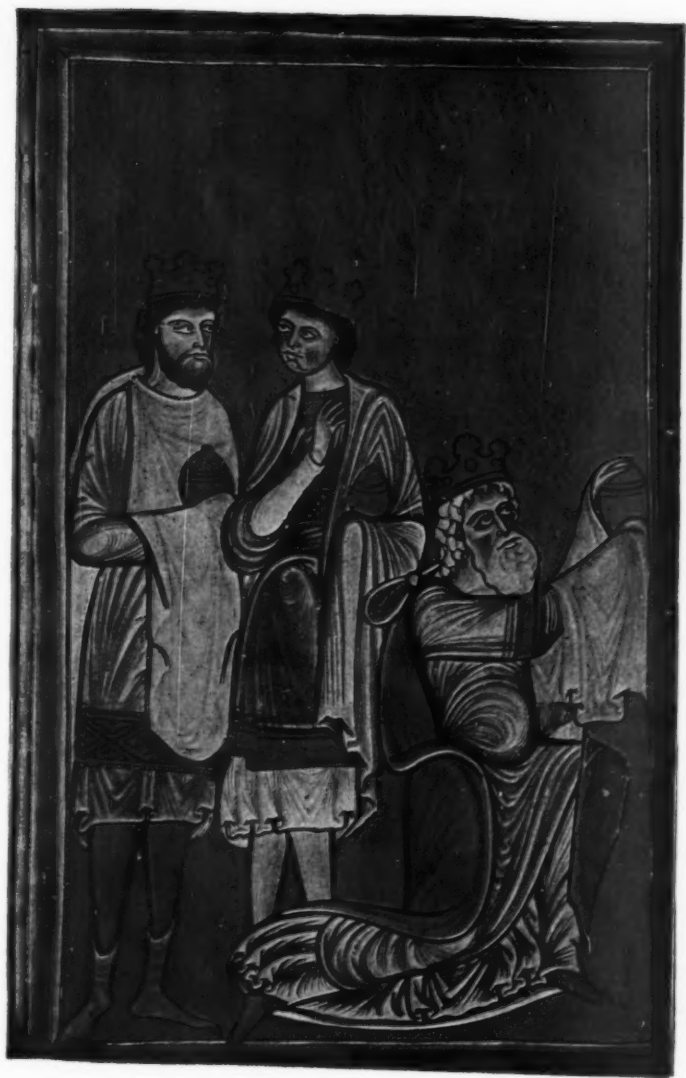


THE NATIVITY

DECEMBER, 1937



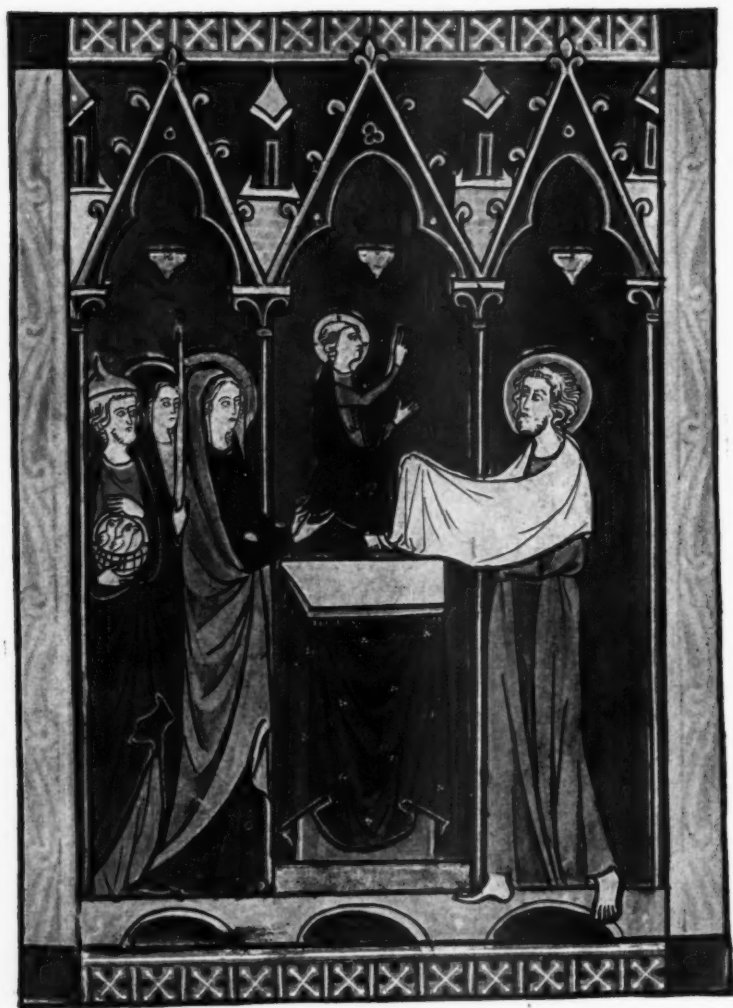
THE ANGEL AND THE SHEPHERDS



THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI

DECEMBER, 1937





THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

DECEMBER, 1937



BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

# THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST

CORONET

## DISARMING THE KIDDIES

OUTLINING A PLATFORM OF MORE TOY GUNS FOR  
CHILDREN AND FEWER REAL ONES FOR ADULTS



THE movement for pacifism among the panty-waists and playsuits grows from year to year as the child armament industry expands, both reaching the annual zenith in the Christmas season and aftermath. In spite of the proclamation of Gunless Christmas week at the end of last November, the latest Santa season registered a new high in the profits of the DuPonts, Krupps, and Zaharoffs who cash in on the battle lust of the nurseries.

Christmas is the red rag to the anti-toy-gun people, for it is the occasion on which pass in review, against the Christ-child background, the glittering products of the industry of make-believe slaughter. Then the cap pistol, popguns, air rifles, fake automatics, cowboys six-shooters, submachine guns, Bucky Rogers "disintegrators," shine evilly among the virtuous counters given over to doll cutouts and constructor sets. There too are the tanks, from flimsy tin contraptions that on being wound up make a beeline for under the bed, to larger and grimmer looking armored cars ("Get set for the Big Push!") with turrets holding guns that spout very real sparks.

Toy soldiers of paper, wood, metal, and plastic assume all the bellicose poses of the victor and all the agonized gestures of the vanquished. That form of international homicide that falls to the lot of the navies is here represented by dreadnaughts and submersible, torpedo-shooting subs, while the form of guerilla warfare known as crime has its G-man pursuit cars, siren police pistols ("Pull the trigger and call all cars!"), Tommy guns with badge ("Get your man! Makes noise and shoots sparks"), handcuffs, and elaborate finger-printing sets which include form cards for recording the neighborhood's crime-kiddies.

Those who would disarm Junior protest to the manager against the stuff being displayed or sold—but displayed it certainly is, and sold, too. A checkup a few days before Christmas showed that downtown department stores had run out of many items and couldn't meet demand.

Thus Christmas, the joyous season of the Saviour child, of peace-on-earth, of babes babbling carols, has been transformed, to the eyes of the anti-

toy-gunners, into a shambles. Tots ambush and are massacred under the tinsel tree. The holly wreath marks the spot where the Brother scared the liver out of the cat with his water-squirting disintegrator, model of the year 2037. Dear old Granny is sniped from behind last year's teddybear, while under the mistletoe the Bloody Corners gang meets to plot the next kidnapping.

Of course this shouldn't be, say the antis. It puts uncivilized ideas into the children's heads; and even, maybe, here and there it starts a wrong-headed little critter on the path to prison, or the Distinguished Service Cross. Touching indeed was a recent editorial in a woman's magazine, which was reprinted to serve the cause of playground pacifism. The lady editor was walking down a residential street, "viewing, with a sense of strong confidence, the shining windows and starched curtains and well-groomed yards. Here, the smell of fresh gingerbread drifted out. Over there, bright clean laundry blew in the sun. Women are so efficient nowadays, I was thinking. Women are smart, they're modern, they're making a much better world of it."

A skillful editorial build-up. The calm before the storm.

Suddenly from between the houses "came a flying wedge of little boys, each with a pistol or popgun or machine gun turned in vicious play upon some other.

"One ten-year-old yelled plaintively:

"'Aw, I'm sick of killin' guys. Let's rob a bank!'"

You can well imagine that the editor was distressed. It seemed to her fantastic that "after all that has been said and written on the subject of teaching children the ways of peace, here was this group of eight or ten children, clean, well-fed, well-dressed, playing the happy game of war."

The same tendency to revert to the hyena takes place in the slums, in the river wards, across the tracks, back of the gashouse, where households cannot afford a woman's magazine, where the wash hanging out gets grimy before it dries, and where the children are dirty, underfed and half-clothed. Boys will be boys and war makes us all brothers.

It must be a shock to a well-conducted lady on her way to a peaceful tea to be confronted by a little angel drawing a bead on her through his new Tommy gun and crying out in his childish treble, "I'm going to kill you." But he doesn't really mean it. He doesn't know what it is to change something from life into death. And it would be silly to teach him.

The child uses "kill" the way he uses "God" or the bad short words he gets hold of somewhere and scrawls on an occasional wall—without knowing what it means. The child mind leans toward violence; something in the kid feels the need of bumping and being bumped; this is simply a body growing, and probably has nothing to do with a future of crime or war.

As if a personal case would do any good, let me quote from my own biography. I was a spindly, anemic little shaver, but my thoughts were bloody. We had no money in my house for toys, but that did not stop me. I invented a warlike game called "Swack." It consisted of a general riot in which everybody belted everybody else with old socks or sacking stuffed with rags. Nobody was ever hurt but everyone got the satisfaction of the kill.

My pal was bored with this sort of thing. He had a scientific bent, and if he took part in Swack, it was only as a trade-off to get my help in building a telephone line across the alley from his house to mine. But this youth picked the wings off flies and sliced up caterpillars while I ran away in horror. He was the hero of the bloodiest fight our slum enjoyed in my time; and he was heroically slain in action while trying to visit mayhem upon our enemies in the late war. As for me, while I still occasionally assassinate Franco as I compose my mind for slumber, I have always been a man of peace.

As one swallow makes neither a summer nor a drunk, maybe I am proving nothing. To keep the argument going I am even willing to admit that perhaps playing at killing is a bad thing for Eddie and Mary Ellen. Although, let me ask, what are we preparing our children for, a world of peace or a world of war? (It rhymes and scans neatly like a

slogan, which it well might be.) In Europe the kindergartners receive gasmask drill as well as bib instruction. Of course that's Europe for you, and this is God's own green footstool, but we are bound to get into the next row, unless it is too short for us to make the crossing. For we shall lend and we shall send (what a neat solution war would make of the unemployed problem). That is, we shall bet on one side or the other, and we are not going to lose our bet. But it is also possible that, lacking a foreign jam, we may get into a fracas of our own. We have far-flung imperial interests and rivalries.

Also we have a nice background of violence in our history; and as for that part of our history which we can watch plainly in the making, there are certain disturbing signs of a fascist mixture. So I say, let the kiddies have their munitions, whether from the point of view of the past, or of the present, or of the future, the stuff is of the warp and woof, is part of the tradition, habit, and expectation.

Once one is reconciled to this realism, the astonishing thing is not the size or variety or ingenuity of mock-lethal weapons, but the poverty of them. Why are there no toy billies, suitably adjusted, of course, to tender skulls? Why no autocycle with smoke-screen and reversible plates? Why no set of burglar's tools, no footpad's kit, no kidnapper's accessories? Why no pseudo flame-throwers, hand-

grenades, and stink-bombs? How come the toy airplane that mounts into the air and drops four torpedoes is so clumsy and amateurish? Why no vigilante outfit, complete with lynch-rope? Why, with that finger-printing set, no little primer on how to administer the third degree? And these guns that shoot burnless sparks and squirt water—I am for an automatic that splotches catsup on the other kid's vestee and causes him to cry, as he collapses to the pavement, "My God, I am shot!"

I am for seeing the thing through to the limit. In the Junior Jihad that grips my district, I want my boy to have the best in armament; say, a self-propelled armored car or tank, with a turret out of which the cute little tyke can snipe the alley-rats with his BB gun or maybe toss a hilarious skunk bomb into the midst of some unsuspecting game of jacks or marbles. At the very worst this will prepare the lad for the patriotic chores at his high school or college ROTC and for the CMTC to come; or to do his bit in the National Guard, comes the revolution.

And should it be considered scandalous for puberty to handle toy weapons when it is patriotic for adolescence to handle real ones? At just what age does this moral chameleon blush a different shade? In many a high school the boys' and girls' rifle teams are the favorite extra-curricular activity, and the PTA's, on days when they are not deploring the

toy gun racket, are bragging of the school's esprit de corps and marksmanship. In my passion for seeing the thing through I want the Boy Scouts and the Campfire Girls in there too. Their stuff now is negative, defensive—all this first-aid wrapping, this carrying out of the wounded, as if the boy at business school were to major in Bankruptcy Behavior.

In many cities the crusaders who are going to make Junior non-violent if they have to wallop him to a standstill succeeded in burning bushels of toy guns; they held school rallies and parents' rallies, got petitions signed and oaths of abstention taken. And sales went up 400 per cent. Even if it were proved that toy gunning leads to crime and the Foreign Legion (and the Child Study Association of America says that children's war games carry no connotation of cruelty or harm) we can hardly isolate the thing so neatly.

While the children in a typical school subjected to this propaganda were singing, around the bonfire of their wicked toys, this ditty to the tune of *Merrily We Roll Along*—

*Gladly now we throw away,  
throw away, throw away,  
Gladly now we throw away,  
All our cruel guns*

newspapers and motion picture newsreels took pictures of the dramatic event. Only a vast appetite for masochism enables one to relish the affair.

As the kiddies and their parents gather around the evening paper that



night they scan the pictures and read about the local event, and then turn to pictures of corpses in Madrid, the cadaver of the unidentified suicide lying in state at the morgue, the detailed story of the latest hotel rape, the thrilling bank robbery. At the movie theatre whence they repair for the express purpose of seeing the schoolyard gun-burning, they are shown for good measure "Pictures from Spain: See barge loads of rebels mowed down by machine guns right before your eyes!" And the battleships leaving Hampton Roads or coming into New York harbor, and the inevitable West Point cadet parade, and war planes zooming.

When, in 1932, the Dominican Republic proposed to the League of Nations that all countries prohibit the manufacture and sale of warlike toys, the motion was referred to the Committee on Moral Disarmament, where it died of neglect. The Committee on Moral Disarmament must be a very good committee, for there certainly is a lot of moral disarmament around. Some of it may be found in the ranks of the national body of Parents and Teachers Associations, which at last September's Congress, in announcing its national campaign to take firearms out of circulation, added that the movement was not anti-war but to reduce juvenile delinquency and curtail the gangster crop of the next decade.

Well, we can't isolate it like that. We cannot reduce juvenile delin-

quency until we have reduced adult delinquency. Gangster toys and games rise out of something truly American; war toys and games rise out of something truly international.

While the PTA's are burning the toys, a dozen respectable and profitable American institutions are burning into the child mind the esthetics of violence. If PTA were consistent and courageous it would dare to be anti-war as well as anti-crime, and if it were thorough to boot it would strive to:

- abolish violence and vigilantism
- annihilate gangsterism; and back of that the crooked alliance between crooked business and crooked politics; and back of that the ideal that it is a neat trick to get something for nothing
- tame and domesticate those civic thugs, the police
- emasculate the comic strip of its rowdiness, crudity, and melodrama
- ditto most of the kid stuff on the radio
- ditto the gangster and wild west films and newsreels
- stop the indiscriminate sale of real guns (224,768 in 1929)
- civilize newspapers as to crime stories and pictures
- interfere with fascist tendencies.

There's a program capable of keeping even an ambitious PTA director busy during the rest of 1937. It enumerates the truly vital chores, and doesn't treat the pockmark as if it

were the disease. Burning the guns in the schoolyard to the ferocious words of the *Star Spangled Banner* is ironic, and it only clears the way for advanced models. And in 1938 the Junior Jihad will be carried on by craftier adolescents toting slicker rods—toy machine guns in toy golf bags, and sawed off shotgunlets in mock violin cases.

The toy armaments business is, of course, as international as the real merchandising of death. In fact, Europe consistently leads us in the ingenuity of military toys, and a large proportion of those sold here are of foreign make. One item we do not have is the toy gasmask, popular in England and France at six pence and two francs, and bought in good faith by parents who believe the children ought to be able to protect their little lungs in case.

The flower in the crannied wall seemed to Tennyson to carry the whole meaning of life, and from a piece of chalk Huxley deduced the structure of the universe.

So the squat and authentically real automatic made to fit the child's little fist speaks out eloquently of the wholesale folly of the human race now on its way to a bloody zero hour of its fantastic contriving. Perhaps Mark Twain had the final solution when he said there should be another flood, and this time no Noah, no Ark. In our drought-ridden epoch it might be urged instead that the kiddies be given real guns and set to annihilating

their elders. Only let there be no quarter, no armistice, no Versailles. And when at length no adult female creatures are left in the world to bring pushers and patriots into it and to change their diapers en route to Hitlerhood; and when at length no adult male creatures survive to construct arms factories, invent a peaceable patchwork of nations and commercial clamors that ripen into war, and contrive slogans, flags, and smooth words to invest the whole with the right combination of bravado and sanctity—then at long last the planet can suck its thumb and thread its puling way among the bland constellations.

The sum total of all the headlines of every day's paper only takes us back to a Biblical phrase: "We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we in agreement." In the middle of the agony the querulous voice of the minor improvers asks wistfully whether we should not disarm the kiddies.

Well, yes; let us disarm them, but at a price. As spokesman for the kiddies I demand as a *quid pro quo* the disarmament of the adult human race, including not only the burning of bombers and the sinking of battle-ships, but the total devastation of wide areas of human greed, now organized into egoistic nations, passionate cliques, and economic blocs that confuse their anti-social drives with civilization and the destiny of man.

—LAWRENCE MARTIN

# THE WAY THINGS REALLY ARE

THOSE INSIDE TIPS JUST COULDN'T  
HAVE BEEN WRONG—NOW COULD THEY?



VARIOUS philosophers, none of whom I have read as thoroughly as I should, have told us that life is illusory, that human fallibility being what it is, things are not always what they seem. From my own experience I know this to be correct. We are living today amidst a welter of delusions and vain imaginings, taking the baldest pieces of misinformation to be the stark unvarnished truth. In fact hardly anything that we believe has any basis in fact.

The reason I know this is that from my earliest youth I have been fortunate enough to come in contact with people—loads of them—who had the lowdown on life, who were teeming with inside information and red hot tips that couldn't go wrong. So convincing were the people who proffered me these prognostications, so brimming over with hard facts and cool clear logic, that it would be not merely presumptuous of me but plain stupid in the bargain to assume that their predictions went sour. Rather must I conclude, as the philosophers have given me reason to, that my senses (and the newspapers and other so-

called informatory sources) are taking me for a huge ride about the present state of the world.

And therefore, having so concluded, I now hasten to set a few matters right, shattering delusions right and left in the process. One of the myths that has been foisted on us for much too long a time is the World War of 1914. Gentle people, there *was* no war. And why? For the best and most unassailable of reasons—because there couldn't be. It was an economic impossibility. No country in the world could have supported such a conflict for more than twelve and a half days. The expert who told me this just couldn't have been wrong. He had it carried out to six decimals.

Another reason why the war fell through was that Germany, being unprepared, wasn't willing to take the risk. She figured she might have a prayer against France, but it was a certainty that if she declared such a war, Russia would come to France's aid. This would have meant—even assuming, as one *had* to assume, that England would back up Germany—a quick finish for the Teutons. Russian

troops would have captured Berlin within two weeks after hostilities were declared. My informant also had other reasons that proved a world war impossible. I forget them, but even the poorest ones couldn't be exploded. That is why I'm mighty sick of all this idiotic talk about the so-called World War. It's high time it stopped.

And now, to come to matters a little nearer home, will somebody kindly explain what all this blather about radio is about? The way some people carry on, one might assume that radio was actually a success instead of a fad that flourished briefly and then expired like mah jongg and Tom Thumb golf. It is a mystery to me—and to the fellow who wised me up—how thinking people could ever have expected radio to go over. It was doomed to failure for one of the simplest reasons—its financial set-up. People might buy radios and be willing to listen to programs, but how could anyone in his right mind have expected the broadcasters to go on supplying free entertainment when they couldn't collect a penny from the receiving end? It's a wonder to me that the thing even lasted as long as it did—a year and a half. I understand that today there are still people who go around with some cock-and-bull story about radio being supported by advertising. Of all the crazy ideas...

In order to dispel current misapprehensions a brief *résumé* of recent sports history might also be in order: Over a decade ago there was a very prom-

ising young golfer named Bobby Jones, a youth who appeared to be one of the best shot makers in the history of the ancient game. Unfortunately this Jones youth never got anywhere because he had a terrible temper, one that he never could learn to control. A fellow is either born with a bad temper or he isn't, and there's nothing he can do about it. That's the way my favorite red hot sport tipster explained it. The whole thing seems a great pity because Jones might have become a fine golfer and even won the National Amateur.

Babe Ruth is another fellow who missed out. He made plenty of home runs, but of course what the baseball magnates want above everything else is a fellow who can draw the crowds. That's what Ruth failed to do. The fans want close games—one to nothing or two to one. They don't derive any thrill from seeing a ball game busted wide open by a lucky poke. They stayed away in droves when Ruth played.

Jess Willard knocked Jack Dempsey's head off in that memorable Toledo fight. Dempsey was a good scrapper, but no one with sound boxing judgment could expect a man to give away about fifty pounds and six inches in height and not get knocked goofy for his presumption. Poor Max Schmeling is in a hospital in Germany and may never recover from the paralysis to his limbs brought on by that terrific pounding Joe Louis gave him. One of the most tragic episodes in boxing

history, as practically all the ring experts will agree.

America, which has held the Davis Cup for nearly twenty years, should continue to do so indefinitely. Of course it was a foregone conclusion that with all the promising young junior players she was constantly developing, no foreign country had a look-in. France and England came close a couple of times, but didn't do more than scare us—not even when a phony rumor went floating around in 1927 that France had actually lifted the mug. It seems that some young cub tennis reporter got flighty and lost his head. You know how it is.

And now, to turn to a matter which affects our daily lives even more markedly than sports, if possible, let us take a look at the economic status of the nation. It is, in a word, swell. The great wave of prosperity that swept the country in 1928 continues to sweep it today. As anyone with his hand on the nation's financial pulse (like the fellows I talked to) could foresee, things were bound to keep getting better and better in the U. S. A. What with our resources, our manpower and our devilish mechanical ingenuity we couldn't help raising our living standard higher and higher and laying to rest for all time the specter of economic cycles, sometimes referred to as depressions. The antidote, we discovered, was unrestricted installment buying and small margin requirements. Save for some inconvenience occasioned by labor short-

ages in the heavy goods industries—foreseen in 1929 by most economists—things have been uniformly swell, and my hat is off to the boys who had the dope that couldn't go wrong, and handed it to me gratis. In fact I haven't even got a hat.

Politically, of course, the country has continued solidly Republican, it now being established as an economic fact that good times can occur only under G. O. P. administration. In 1936 a Democrat named Roseford or Risevelt or Roosefedt or something like that tried to break through, but he didn't get to first base. Only carried a couple of states. Maine and Vermont, I think they were. It was in the bag that he'd take a beating, because the people of this country don't like experiments.

The political set-up of other countries is just about what you would expect if you had been lucky enough to get tips right from the horse's mouth the way I have. The Soviet régime only lasted three years—as was inevitable—and now Russia is again under Tsar Nicholas who simply skipped to France and hid until the whole silly business was over. A fellow named Mussolini seemed to have control of Italy for a while, but he soon got the gate—as anyone could have foreseen, because modern people don't want dictatorships. England continues to go along on her calm and untroubled route under the beneficent rule of the new king, Edward VIII. The English people are crazy about

him, but wish that he'd get married. He never will, though. I got that straight from the inside.

Some of the saddest episodes in recent history have taken place in what might be termed the cultural or entertainment field, depending on how you look at it. The public has been discouragingly unreceptive to works of art which richly deserved a better fate. Take the case of a splendid play entitled *The Green Pastures*. Here was an opus that deserved a long run on Broadway, but it seems to me (having had the matter pointed out to me by a man who understands playgoing psychology perfectly) that the producers should have been able to see that *The Green Pastures* couldn't be a financial success. Its subject, religion as conceived by untutored colored folk, was plainly ticketed as a box office dud. The play ran for seven performances.

Equally tragic was the cold reception afforded to a pair of novels that should have sold innumerable copies. I refer to *Anthony Adverse* and *Gone With The Wind*. Both of these, according to competent critics, had genuine merit, but as publishing ventures they were licked before they started because they were far too long for the present-day reading public. People simply will not sit down nowadays and wade through thousand-page novels. They've got too many other things to do. I learned this from unimpeachable sources. Besides, it seems perfectly logical, doesn't it?

The movies, silent as ever, continue to flourish. Six or seven years ago several abortive attempts were made to introduce sound in films, but these experiments, although not without some technical merit, met with a cold shoulder from the American public. This, of course, was inevitable. The art of the motion picture is first, last and always a pantomimic art, and the introduction of speech simply intruded an element completely foreign to a well-established medium. Predictions of the quick demise of the "talkies," as they were temporarily dubbed, soon bore fruit, and I want to thank the fellows who put me wise in those early days of experimenting.

It would, of course, take a great many lengthy tomes to chronicle the many other delusions which, judging from how people act, and what they say and write, seem to be firmly fastened on almost all the inhabitants of the present-day civilized world. This can serve merely as an outline, a trend pointer—outer which, I hope, may help people evaluate other chimeras of contemporary life in their true light. Let those who would know the truth, then, cease to trust their senses (which continually deceive), and hark back to the prophecies they have listened to—the prophecies of those who had things straight from the inside. And let them adopt my slogan, one that will comfort them as long as they live: "A prophecy that *couldn't* go wrong *hasn't* gone wrong."

—PARKE CUMMINGS



## AMISH WEDDING

*A FEW MILES OF SPACE AND TWO CENTURIES OF TIME SEPARATE THIS ODD SECT FROM MANHATTAN*



"**A**CH, throw him over the fence now."

It's the bridegroom they're talking about. But he's gone, in a clatter of buggy wheels and a shout of laughter. They won't be tossing Amos Stoltzfus over anybody's fence tonight.

Soon the wicks will be turned down, the austere old farmhouse will go quiet and another Amish wedding day will be over. Soon, too, Amos and his plump, bonneted bride will have a farm and rolling acres of their own—and probably nine or ten little Stoltzfuses to plow and pray and go to market.

Nothing in an Amish wedding day fits the pattern of 1937. Although they are only a comparatively short drive from the streamlined rush of New York, the Stoltzfuses, Spichers, Eshes and their bearded brethren still live to the solemn tempo of the German hymns they brought to Penn's Woods in the early 18th century. They are clannish, thrifty, intolerant, just as they were when they fled from the Palatinate and finally chose deep-soiled Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, the best farmland in America.

News agencies and metropolitan dailies have skirted the Stoltzfus fences for years, pencils sharpened and cameras ready. But there never has been a news picture of a blushing Amish bride. It's part of their religion to stay out of the headlines.

Only when their well-upholstered pocketbooks are threatened will Amos and Aaron and Jacob brave the lime-light. Beards bristling with outraged principle, they strode into Philadelphia and Washington last summer to protest federal allocations for modern schools. In the Amish ledger it all added up to higher taxes, virtually the only issue which ever brought Amishmen to the polls. When they turned cityward to defend their antiquated one-room schoolhouses, cameras clicked every time they moved. All the papers and news magazines had their share at last of chin whiskers, round hats, hair cut-around-a-bowl and trimmed in bangs.

But back in their own country, on little lanes near Bird-in-Hand, Mascot, Schwenckville and Zook's Corner, they still do their marrying from dawn to midnight, and it's still easier



to crash the Rainbow Room in overalls than to get in on the sidelines for the picturesque ceremony.

When Amos hitched his buggy and made his getaway, he spoiled the wedding finale. For the Amish don't bother with rice and old shoes. They throw husbands instead. The single men line up on one side to heave the newlywed over the fence to the married brethren. Occasionally the married team doesn't like him, so he's tossed back again. It can get to be quite a game.

Luckily, the husband-tossing comes at midnight, when the guests are beginning to tire. Or at least they should be, for they arrived in the frosty grey hours of dawn. By sunup, the barnyard of Jacob Esh spills over with black-curtained buggies. They have no dashboards, no tassels, no gadgets of any kind; these are banned as unnecessary and frivolous.

The big red barn with its guardian hex symbol carved under the eaves, the steep-walled farmhouse crowded with wedding guests—it might be something happening on a costume set in Hollywood. Everybody talks the sing-song mixture of German and English known as Pennsylvania Dutch. Serious-faced little boys wear thumb-size replicas of their fathers' clothes; hook-and-eye jackets, tight ankle-length trousers, usually in black, dark reds and greens and a peculiar purplish-blue. Small girls pin their shawls primly across their shoulders, adjust their long petticoats and full overskirt,

keep their hair pulled slick from their foreheads under tiny white bonnets.

Uncle Aaron Esh has come over from Lititz to take charge of seating the 250 guests. Every downstairs inch in the house, except the immense back kitchen, is filled with backless benches. The men sit on one side, the women on the other. A few older people have armchairs, and one or two of the very oldest are permitted cushions. By 8 a. m. the place is crowded and incredibly quiet. It seems as though 250 people have gone to sleep.

Eighteen-year-old Sarah Esh, the bride, is easy to see among the straight-backed rows of women. Not because of orange blossoms and a wedding veil, but because hers is the only black cap in the room. She wears it for the first and last time in her life. Mental cruelty and desertion are labels unknown in the Amish vocabulary. Misfit marriages happen, of course, but without benefit of divorce. Sarah knows that the little black cap means, literally, "until death do us part."

Although he is dressed like the other "men-folks," Amos is having a last day too. He can hand down the family razor to the next candidate for a beard and matrimony. When he says "I do" to his bride, he says "I don't" to brush and blade. Whiskers are as definite a brand as a wedding ring—and harder to take off.

Tradition usually entitles the bride's mother to tears. But at an Amish wedding, everybody weeps.

The ceremony begins with forty-five minutes of dirge-like hymns in German. Then the preachers, three of them, take their stand in the doorway between the crowded rooms. Three and a half hours is fairly fast time for the morning nuptials.

Not even a favorite uncle dares preach far beyond noon, however. The matrimonial mood changes almost at the tick of a minute. Noon is eating time, and eating is what an Amishman does best of all. At the last amen, everybody is up in a hustle-bustle of activity. Benches are pushed back, room-length board tables are laid and the result of a three-day cooking marathon is brought from the kitchen.

Even in a country where they have fried potatoes, sausage and two kinds of pie for breakfast, an Amish wedding feast is admittedly something super. The tables creak under carload lots of calories. Twenty-two roast ducks start the menu, with a dozen chickens, a dozen geese, a corps of home-cured hams and a few platters of scrapple and sausage for good measure.

Giant tureens, usually museum-piece "Dutch gaudy" or splatterware, flank each end of the table. Cakes tower from old glass pedestal dishes and pies rub crusts with the other "vitals." Everything goes on the table at once and everybody reaches or grabs. Pickles, chow-chow and jam keep faith with the old custom of a "sweet and a sour" with every meal.

Nothing harder than cider goes into the tumblers.

The crockery is a grand mixture of lovely old antiques and bargain-day buys from Woolworth's. Antique dealers usually have a trying time of it, because an Amish housewife is likely to say she doesn't want to sell her Stiegel glass. "Vell, ve had it a wonderful long time now—ve'll chust keep it."

Neighbors always come over days in advance to help get ready for the wedding. The house, the porch, even the stone walks, are scrubbed and re-scrubbed. The kitchen is headquarters for the best cooks in the neighborhood—but never until after midnight Sunday. Many of the visiting housewives arrive on Sunday afternoon to "set a spell," but they never touch so much as a mixing spoon until the Sabbath is officially ended.

First they turn out huge bowls of "fat pretzels," dozens of doughnuts, crockfull of "peppernuts." A peppernut doesn't grow outside the Amish country. It's a butter-yellow sugar cake, with fat raisins dozing inside, custom-built for dunking in the pint size coffee cups. They make three or four dozen pies, always the spicy, molasses-thick "shoo-fly" pie for which the Dutch are famous, and a quota of sour cherry, apple and peach. Practically all the vegetables, meats, fruits and jellies have been raised on the fertile Esh acres and "put up" for the winter. Every Amish farmhouse has its cold cellar lined with shelves of food.

"Soo—ain't it right?" The Amish hostess peers anxiously at any guest who hasn't had his fourth helping or who stops for breath between duck and ham. When the Amish "eat" a visitor, they expect co-operation. After an overnight guest has left, the housewife explains to her neighbor that "we ate him and we slept him."

Eating lasts well into the afternoon, and then there's time out for singing and conversation. As the Amish put it, "there it was a lot got talked!" Meanwhile, one remaining table is piled with food in case anybody gets hungry before suppertime. Mrs. Esh hurries into the kitchen to pack "snacks" for any guests who couldn't get to the wedding.

The box of "snacks" defines the Amishman's idea of charity. Like the rest of his living, it belongs to yesterday. When he and his brothers heard of hunger and want in Lancaster city during the lean years, they piled farm wagons full of potatoes, tomatoes, peaches and other produce, driving into town and leaving their gifts at the emergency relief headquarters. They asked only that their names be kept out of print, that the donations be strictly anonymous. It was the same with the Mennonites and other German religious sects in the region.

They drove Washington clerks and bookkeepers into a frenzy during the AAA crop control program. Although they disapproved heartily, they did cut their acreage—but they scrupulously mailed back the AAA checks!

In a world grown socially conscious, they still live by their 18th century formula: Plant carefully, gather in the crops, go to Sunday meeting, eat, marry and propagate. It's a "let the rest of the world go by" philosophy. By it the Amish live and prosper. Amos marries Sarah—

When the frosty moon tops the barn roof, the Esh house bubbles over with rich voices and laughter. It's a real old German "sing." The young people crowd around the tables, the old folks sway to the tune from their rows of benches. Soon it will be midnight, over-the-fence-time for the bridegroom. That is, unless he's managed to get the honeymoon special hitched secretly and his bride spirited to the barnyard for a breathless escape. Even then, there's a chance that the single men's team will call at his house some wintry evening with the husband varsity on the other side of the fence, to nab their victim for a belated game of bounce-the-bridegroom.

Amish marrying season starts on November 1 and continues through Christmas. Cold autumn dawns often find twenty or more buggies hitched outside the county courthouse in Lancaster, with a shivering line of prospective brides and bridegrooms waiting for the doors to open. They like to be out of town before the jigsaw puzzle of traffic forms and before curious city people gather to peer into their buggies.

November is a good time for the all-day nuptials, because that's when

the wind whistles through the oat stubbles, crops are safely harvested and a man has time to prop up his feet by the parlor range.

Once in a little Lancaster cabaret, an open-mouthed visitor nudged his host and pointed to an adjoining table. There, thumbs in his suspenders, round hat at a jaunty angle over his bangs, sat an Amish young blood who tapped a heavy farm shoe and sang "swing it, mister, swing it." He called for two more beers, spun a quarter on the table and winked coyly at the blues-singing blonde in the floorshow.

Amos Stoltzfus would explain that this night-clubbing brother was no real Amishman. The Stoltzfuses are old-order, or "house" Amish. They meet at each other's farms every Sunday and are not on speaking terms with the new-order or "church" Amish. Even the new order, which has climbed out of the rickety buggies into automobiles of varying vintage, wouldn't condone beer, jazz and blondes. Unless he managed to get away with it, the swing-time rebel would be unfrocked and expelled from the order forever.

That famous old fun-in-bed, known as bundling, still has a few staunch supporters in the Pennsylvania-Dutch country. It is not nearly as common as outsiders like to believe, however, and it is a decidedly different pastime than the New England version shown in Broadway's *Pursuit of Happiness*. There isn't any little fence or bundling board in the center of the bed. Instead, the

couple are done up in separate sacks, firmly tied under their chins.

Unless there's an escape artist in one sack, the cords will be properly tied in the morning. If the suitor decides he doesn't like his bundling partner, there's no rule against walking out and sampling another.

Marriageable daughters are advertised by their families through the simple expedient of painting the front gate bright blue. Girls are expected to marry at eighteen, nineteen or twenty. After twenty, they're dangerously near spinsterhood. Good cooks, good housekeepers, good mothers; those are the standards for Amish women. The closest they have come to the everyday business world is to help tend the family stall at the Lancaster city market on Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

One of the white-capped market women demonstrated a brand new business technique to a startled city customer who had just bought a ten-cent bunch of lilacs. The customer thought she had paid, the little "plain" woman was sure she hadn't.

"Well, I won't argue. Here, take the dime," the customer said impatiently.

It was religious principle against thrift. She was convinced the customer owed ten cents, but she hated the implication of cheating. She pondered a minute, dime in hand, then suddenly beamed across the counter.

"Well, ve both make out ve're right, ain't? So ve each take vun nickel—not?"

—JANICE DEVINE

## AGNUS DEI

The sudden, stranger star was much too bright  
For sleepy eyes that should be closed at night.

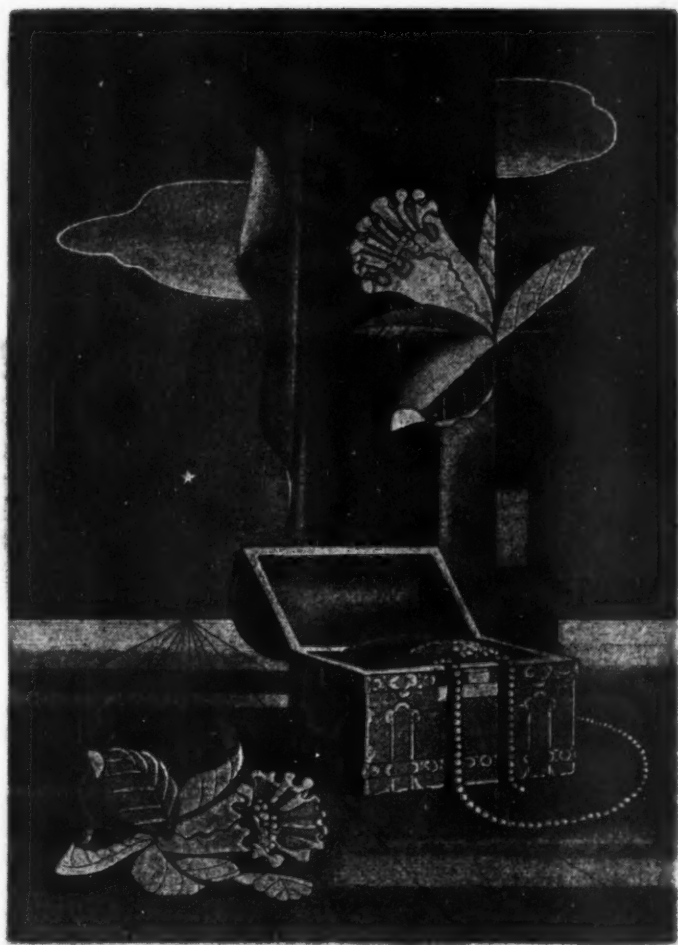
Waking, in baby wonderment, He saw  
The gentle oxen lying in the straw,  
And felt their warmth, and even smiled to see  
A little lamb, as wide awake as He.

Traveling along a once-uncertain way,  
The richly laden Magi came to pray,  
With gifts of frankincense and jeweled gold.  
And timid shepherds crowded to behold  
Their King. He didn't seem to mind, at all,  
Having so many people come to call.

But mother Mary really understood,  
And whispered that, because He'd been so good,  
As soon as ever they were quite alone,  
She'd let him have a lamb to call His own.

But when the star grew dim against the dawn,  
And all the seeking multitude were gone,  
And halleluiahs chorused were still,  
And sunlight colored every waking hill,  
And princely gifts lay glittering in a heap,  
He and the little lamb were sound asleep.

—DALE FISHER



George H. R. 1937

DECEMBER, 1937

# THE POLITE WAR

IF SHERMAN CORRECTLY DESCRIBED HIS WAR, WHAT WOULD HE HAVE CALLED OURS?



IF ANY war can be called civilized, the American Civil War is the last one that can lay claim to that title. Before opposing commanders issued orders they stopped to consider whether the subsequent military histories would classify their actions as justifiable according to the established rules of "civilized" warfare. They prided themselves in being chivalrous gentlemen in all their dealings with their enemies. The fear of being accused of not being a gentleman was only less than the fear of an accusation of cowardice.

If Albert Sydney Johnston had not been concerned about the welfare of some wounded Federal prisoners at Shiloh, the whole war might have ended differently. At least we can be reasonably certain that Shiloh would have been a Confederate victory, and that Grant and Sherman, the two generals who became the stalwarts of the Union, would have probably seen the end of their days in high command. During the first day of the battle, Johnston was leading his forces deep into the Union lines, and victory seemed certain. The Confederate gen-

eral sighted a group of wounded Federals who had been taken prisoner and ordered his staff surgeon, who had been riding with him all day, to give them treatment. Johnston rode on into the battle and a few moments later was hit by an enemy shell which severed an artery in his leg. While his excited staff officers were looking in vain for the wound somewhere on the upper part of his body, he quickly bled to death. Any doctor could have located the wound in a few seconds and checked the flow of blood with a simple tourniquet, making it possible for Johnston to continue active leadership of his forces after a short rest.

Most historians agree that if Johnston had lived and directed the army the battle would have ended in a smashing Confederate victory. In addition to the strengthened military position and the psychological effect on the people of the two sections, a Southern victory would have undoubtedly brought about either the demotion or removal of both Grant and Sherman. Shiloh is the poorest example of Grant's generalship during the war, and defeat would have



been directly attributed to his carelessness and lethargy. Before the battle, Northern newspapers had been filled with wild accusations that Sherman was crazy, and the demands for his removal were widespread. If he had taken part in a losing battle the government would have probably acceded to the demand, but the unyielding stand of his men in the first day's fighting made him a hero instead of a madman in the eyes of the press.

The volunteer soldiers of both the Union and Confederate armies made splendid fighters for whom equals are hard to find in the records of any wars. They also displayed a spirit of independence that would be unheard of in the midst of the tinhat militarism of today's modern armies. Sherman often bragged that any man in his vaunted Army of the Tennessee was capable of commanding the whole army, and the same was often said of many of the corps of Lee.

Jake Smith, a wagon-driver for the Twenty-third Ohio, part of the army being assembled in Kentucky during the early days of the war, sauntered into the dining room of a fashionable Louisville hotel dressed in the rough uniform he had been working in and sat down to a table. He bawled to the waiter in a voice loud enough to be heard by all, "I want a good dinner! I'm no damned common officer!"

Privates did not feel the slightest hesitancy in offering their advice to their generals about the conduct of the

war. Jeb Stuart said, in speaking of his newly enlisted cavalymen, "They are pretty good officers now, and after a while they will make excellent privates, too. They only need reducing to the ranks." A private soldier delivering a dispatch to Stonewall Jackson was heard to request him to "cut the answer short," as he was in a hurry to return.

The picket lines, especially during the times when there was a long interval between battles, gave the common soldier plenty of opportunities to show his courtesy to his fellow Americans on the other side of the line. Pickets often made acquaintances with soldiers at enemy outposts that blossomed into lifetime friendships after the war was over. It was regarded as bad form to shoot at a picket stationed in an exposed spot, and the soldier who did so met bitter condemnation from men in his own ranks.

During the long siege of Vicksburg the opponents often declared truces so that the soldiers might pick the blackberries growing between the trenches. Berries were the best cure for diarrhea, the most common army ailment. In the midst of a day of tiresome pot-shooting, a private of the Eleventh Wisconsin announced to his mates, "I'm going out to shake hands with them Rebs." He clambered out of the trench and a Johnny Reb came out to meet him. A moment later hundreds of soldiers from each side were pouring out to the meeting ground. The erstwhile enemies shook hands, talked

about the weather and the mistakes of their generals, and compared tintype photos of their sweethearts. They swapped knives, tobacco for coffee, and anything else that would serve as a memento of the occasion. In the midst of the meeting a Union officer suddenly appeared on the scene, gave both sides a severe scolding and ordered them back to their rifle pits. A few minutes later the pot-shooting began once more.

— The common soldiers rarely had the time or a place to take a bath, and consequently most of them became the living place of literally hordes of various kinds of parasitic vermin. The soldiers termed them "graybacks." Rivers and creeks were practically the only bathing places available, and their capture was usually the most ardently desired move by the privates. The Rapidan and Rappahannock Rivers in Virginia were for a long time the dividing line between the outmost pickets of the two armies, and officers and men of both sides arranged regular truces during which hundreds of naked Yanks and Rebs, or Bluebellies and Johnnies, bathed together.

One day Stonewall Jackson rode out to inspect his front lines along the Rappahannock, and, as usual when he appeared, the soldiers gathered round to give him a cheer. "What's the matter over there, Johnny?" a Yankee picket across the river shouted. "General Stonewall Jackson," was the reply. A moment later the Confederates heard a lusty yell

from the enemy lines, "Hurrah for Stonewall Jackson!"

\* A Delaware lieutenant struck up an acquaintance with a Rebel picket officer across the river. The Confederate invited him to attend a dance back of the lines which the Southern officers had arranged with some of the country girls of the vicinity. The Confederate called for his Federal guest in a canoe, and supplied him with an ill-fitting suit of civilian clothes. The Union lieutenant was introduced to the girls as a new recruit who had just reached the front lines, and made a great hit with them. Shortly before dawn he was escorted safely back to his post on the other side of the river.

— Undoubtedly the war could have been conducted with much greater efficiency if generals of both sides had not felt duty bound to show their chivalrous instincts to all women with whom they came in contact. The career of Belle Boyd, the Confederate girl spy, is a very revealing example of the woman weakness of the officers. Through the use of the ideas of gentlemanly chivalry and her very stunning physical charms, Belle was able to get away with practically anything she wanted to, and rank as one of the most valuable aids of Stonewall Jackson. She was first arrested in the spring of 1862 and taken to Baltimore, where she was released by General Dix. The second time she was captured that year Colonel Beale let her go in time to carry very important information to Jackson. A few days later she was

arrested again, this time to be released by General Shields, who proved a valuable source of information to her for some time. Twice Secretary Stanton had her detained in Washington, but her release was soon forthcoming. Her last arrest came on a boat bound for England, where she was going on an important Confederate mission. The arresting officer was Captain Hardinge, and to get her freedom this time she had to marry him. In return for this the gallant captain quit his post, later to be arrested for treason.

The beautiful Belle was often far from being as courteous as her captors were to her. One evening she was riding near the Federal lines with two Confederate officers. Her horse suddenly bolted and carried her into the enemy lines, where her escorts dared not follow. She found the officer in charge and asked permission to return to her home at Martinsburg.

"We are exceedingly proud of our beautiful captive," replied the Union officer, "but of course we cannot think of detaining you. May we have the honor of escorting you beyond our lines and restoring you to the custody of your friends? I suppose there is no fear of those cowardly Rebels taking us prisoners?"

"I scarcely hoped," Belle assured them, "for such an honor. I thought you would probably give me a pass; but since you are so kind to offer your services in person, I cannot do otherwise than accept them. Have no fear, gentlemen, of the cowardly Rebels."

When the party reached the Confederate lines Belle's companions suddenly rode out of ambush. There was a moment of embarrassing silence before she spoke up. "Here are some of the cowardly Rebels whom you hoped there was no danger of meeting." The Federals looked inquiringly at Belle and demanded of their captors:

"And who, pray, is this lady?"

"Belle Boyd, at your service," she replied.

"Good God, the Rebel spy!" gasped the Yankees. They were captured but released an hour later.

The Northern and European newspapers played up sensationally the exploits of the girl spy and, as often happens in such cases, credited her with many more feats than she was possibly capable of performing. A correspondent for the New York *Herald* wrote sensational stories about her and made amorous advances at the same time. Once she bolted the door against him and after that each of his dispatches about her were filled with detractions. In May of 1862, the Confederates retook the town where they both were staying. As the Rebels approached, the panic stricken correspondent appealed for her aid in destroying papers that he feared might cause him trouble with the enemy. Belle noticed that the key to his room was on the outside of the door. She locked the reporter in and assured him that she was doing so in order to obtain for him "the beneficial restraints and discipline of a Confederate prison."

Southern officers took especial pride in the conduct of their troops during the rare invasions of enemy territory that they made. Pickett's division was marching through a little Pennsylvania town, a march that was to end for most of the men on the slopes of Gettysburg. A little girl ran out on the porch of her home and gleefully waved a United States flag in the face of the Union's foes. The little General dipped his hat in salute, and each man in the long line followed suit.

On Lee's first Pennsylvania raid General John B. Gordon confiscated some horses from farmers of the vicinity. One of the horses taken was a mare belonging to a Pennsylvania Dutchman, and the owner put in such a vigorous appeal for its return that he was brought before the General, who was a typical Southerner in his eloquent praise of all womankind. The Dutch farmer told him, "I've been married, sir, t'ree times, and vood not geef dot mare for all dose voomans." The horse was returned.

After Jeb Stuart had captured a large consignment of enemy horses and mules he seized a Federal telegraph station and wired a polite request to Quartermaster General Meigs of the United States Army for a better supply of pack-animals for capture in the future!

A favorite stunt of officers who wanted to show off was to ride into the fire of the enemy and bow in salute.

General George A. Custer, made a

Brigadier General at the age of twenty-four, was famous for recklessness of this type. This same showoff spirit was to be the principal cause of the famous Indian massacre that bears his name.

When General Phil Sheridan followed his men out of the rifle pits in the famous charge of Missionary Ridge, he paused for a moment to whip out his silver whisky flask. As he threw back his head to drink, he saw a Confederate officer looking down at him from far up on the crest. "Here's to you!" shouted the Union general. The Rebel's answer was a wave of his hand and a volley from six cannon. After brushing the dirt from his eyes, Sheridan growled, "That's damned ungenerous; I'll take those guns for that!"

The rival soldiers could be downright impolite at times. Wade Hampton's Confederate cavalry made a night raid on the headquarters of H. T. Kilpatrick, Sherman's number one raider.

"Little Kil" was known to the soldiers as the "Don Juan of the army." Hampton's men entered the house where he was staying and knocked with pistol butts on the door of the room of a lovely lady who was not Kilpatrick's wife. The Yankee raider sprang from the bed and, clad only in his red flannel drawers, led a counter-attack that repulsed the raiders in short enough time for him to return to the lady whom he had deserted so hurriedly. —FRANK SMITH

# GAME OF AUTHORS

FIFTY QUESTIONS, WITH YOUR SELECTION OF  
ANSWERS, ON THE TOPIC OF WHO WROTE WHAT



HERE are the titles of fifty world-renowned books on fiction, poetry, drama and essays by English and American writers. The names of three authors follow each title, one of which is the actual writer. Count 2% for every correct answer. A score of 70% is fair, 80% is good, 90% is excellent, and 100% is perfect. Answers on page 86.

1. CANTERBURY TALES

- (a) Geoffrey Chaucer ✓
- (b) William Caxton
- (c) John Gower

2. ROBINSON CRUSOE

- (a) John Locke
- (b) Daniel Defoe ✓
- (c) William Wycherly

3. THE RIVALS

- (a) Richard B. Sheridan ✓
- (b) Thomas Chatterton
- (c) Hannah More

4. LUCK OF ROARING CAMP

- (a) Jack London
- (b) Bret Harte ✓
- (c) F. Marion Crawford

5. THE COMPLEAT ANGLER

- (a) Thomas Hobbes
- (b) Francis Quarles
- (c) Izaak Walton ✓

6. LOOKING BACKWARD

- (a) Henry C. Lodge
- (b) Thomas N. Page
- (c) Edward Bellamy ✓

7. POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

- (a) Washington Irving
- (b) Benjamin Franklin ✓
- (c) Noah Webster

8. JOHN GILPIN

- (a) Edmund Burke
- (b) William Cowper ✓
- (c) Jane Elliot

9. PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

- (a) Robert Southey
- (b) Charles Lamb
- (c) Jane Austen ✓

10. PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

- (a) Edmund Waller
- (b) Jeremy Taylor
- (c) John Bunyan ✓

11. THE BAREFOOT BOY

- (a) John G. Whittier
- (b) John G. Saxe
- (c) Oliver W. Holmes ✓

12. ODE TO A SKYLARK
  - (a) Leigh Hunt
  - (b) Percy B. Shelley ✓
  - (c) Lord Byron
13. THE PHANTOM RICKSHAW
  - (a) Rudyard Kipling ✓
  - (b) H. Rider Haggard
  - (c) William Black
14. HUCKLEBERRY FINN
  - (a) Mark Twain ✓
  - (b) Louisa M. Alcott
  - (c) Rose Terry Cooke
15. UNCLE REMUS
  - (a) Arthur S. Hardy
  - (b) Joel C. Harris ✓
  - (c) Will Carleton
16. LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY
  - (a) Frances H. Burnett
  - (b) Edgar Fawcett ✓
  - (c) Sarah Jewett
17. FIRESIDE TRAVELS
  - (a) James R. Lowell ✓
  - (b) Walt Whitman
  - (c) Edward E. Hale
18. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN
  - (a) Julia Ward Howe
  - (b) Henry D. Thoreau
  - (c) Harriet B. Stowe ✓
19. WESTWARD HO!
  - (a) George Eliot ✓
  - (b) John Ruskin
  - (c) Charles Kingsley
20. KIDNAPPED
  - (a) Algernon C. Swinburne
  - (b) Robert L. Stevenson ✓
  - (c) Thomas Hardy
21. THE ANCIENT MARINER
  - (a) Samuel T. Coleridge ✓
  - (b) John Lingard
  - (c) Thomas Campbell
22. THE HERMIT
  - (a) William Collins
  - (b) Oliver Goldsmith ✓
  - (c) Adam Smith
23. ESSAYS FOR THE SPECTATOR
  - (a) Edward Young
  - (b) Bernard Mandeville
  - (c) Joseph Addison
24. THE VISIT OF ST. NICHOLAS
  - (a) Clement C. Moore
  - (b) James K. Paulding
  - (c) Joseph Hopkinson
25. THANATOPSIS
  - (a) John H. Payne
  - (b) William C. Bryant ✓
  - (c) Joseph R. Drake
26. THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET
  - (a) Samuel Woodworth
  - (b) John Pierpont
  - (c) Fitz-Greene Halleck
27. THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM
  - (a) William D. Howells
  - (b) Edward Eggleston
  - (c) Thomas B. Aldrich
28. THE WINTER'S TALE
  - (a) Thomas Nash ✓
  - (b) George Chapman
  - (c) William Shakespeare
29. THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER
  - (a) Edgar Allan Poe ✓
  - (b) Henry James
  - (c) Alfred B. Street
30. GULLIVER'S TRAVELS
  - (a) Matthew Prior
  - (b) Richard Bentley
  - (c) Jonathan Swift ✓
31. THE PATHFINDER
  - (a) George P. Morris
  - (b) James F. Cooper ✓
  - (c) William H. Prescott

32. LADY OF THE LAKE  
(a) Sir Walter Scott  
(b) Maria Edgeworth  
(c) Sidney Smith
33. THE BEGGAR'S OPERA  
(a) John Gay  
(b) Alexander Pope  
(c) Henry Fielding
34. LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON  
(a) Richard G. White  
(b) James Parton  
(c) William T. Adams
35. DIARY  
(a) Isaac Barrow  
(b) John Dryden  
(c) Samuel Pepys
36. THE LADY OR THE TIGER?  
(a) Frank Stockton  
(b) Lew Wallace  
(c) Lyman Abbott
37. HISTORY OF ENGLAND  
(a) Thomas Arnold  
(b) Thomas B. Macaulay  
(c) Thomas Carlyle
38. THE OREGON TRAIL  
(a) Elisha Mulford  
(b) Bayard Taylor  
(c) Francis Parkman
39. THE ALCHEMIST  
(a) Ben Jonson  
(b) Thomas Dekker  
(c) John Donne
40. ESSAYS  
(a) Francis Bacon  
(b) Thomas Lodge  
(c) John Lyly
41. RODERICK RANDOM  
(a) Samuel Johnson  
(b) Tobias G. Smollet  
(c) Thomas Gray
42. HARD TIMES  
(a) Arthur Conan Doyle  
(b) Eugene O'Neill  
(c) Charles Dickens
43. THE UNSEEN WORLD  
(a) Joaquin Miller  
(b) John Fiske  
(c) Sidney Lanier
44. FAUSTUS  
(a) Michael Drayton  
(b) Christopher Marlowe  
(c) Robert Greene
45. LYRICAL BALLADS  
(a) William Blake  
(b) Robert Burns  
(c) William Wordsworth
46. HISTORY OF THE WORLD  
(a) Thomas Sackville  
(b) Sir Walter Raleigh  
(c) Thomas Wilson
47. CONDUCT OF LIFE  
(a) Ralph W. Emerson  
(b) Henry W. Longfellow  
(c) Nathaniel Hawthorne
48. JANE EYRE  
(a) Elizabeth Barrett  
(b) Gilbert K. Chesterton  
(c) Charlotte Bronte
49. CHRONICLES  
(a) Ralph Holinshed  
(b) John Foxe  
(c) John Jewel
50. PHILASTER  
(a) John Ford  
(b) Francis Beaumont  
(c) Philip Massinger

—A. I. GREEN



# MOTHER DID BETTER

CHALLENGING THE BAKER'S CLAIM TO THE  
SLOGAN "LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE"



PEOPLE eat what they like rather than what is good for them, Popeye the Sailor and spinach to the contrary notwithstanding. With astoundingly few exceptions, unpalatable foods, no matter how desirable for nutritional reasons, have never been commercially successful. The few exceptions are at least semi-medical in character. Nor do people like variety in their personal, daily habits. They stick to one kind of liquor, or cigarettes—or bread.

Bread needs no advertising to get it on the consumer's table. It has always been there. If the consumer likes it he'll eat more of it, and if he doesn't he won't. And all the advertising in the world won't change that. Advertising may put Jones' bread on the table instead of Brown's, but it won't get that extra slice eaten.

As a chemist with twenty years' experience in all branches of the baking industry, I'd like to give as my opinion that the chemist is largely responsible for the changes, probably for the worse, which have taken place in the palatability of baked goods. Or maybe his boss is to blame for listening to him. The chemist has ruined bread

in two important ways (also some minor ones). First, by discovering and inventing "bread improvers," and second, by finding ways to put more water into bread.

Let us dispose of some of the theories, past and present, which have been promulgated as to why today's factory product differs from what mother used to make.

1. Better cleaning of the wheat. It is true that our modern cleaning machinery does take out weed seeds that no machinery of fifty years ago could. But fifty years ago the only important bread flour came from wheat grown on virgin Minnesota and Dakota soil, and if the opinion of old-time millers is valid, that wheat was the cleanest, soundest wheat the world has ever known. Besides, you can bake bread with a little ground fenugreek, or vetch, or cockle in the dough and it won't taste like mother's—unless you make it as mother did.

2. Mother's hands during kneading imparted some mysterious flavor, maybe sweat. This argument is equally untenable, for various reasons.

3. Modern, large-scale equipment

will not make mother's old-fashioned loaf. Well, it will if the businessman-baker will be satisfied with a much smaller production-per-hour and production-per-man-per-hour. Did you ever try to sell that to a modern business man?

Mother used cups and teaspoons, but we can calculate her formula into the same units (pounds) as is used by the baker, for purposes of comparison.

#### MOTHER'S FORMULA

Flour .....	100	lbs.
Milk (previously scalded) .....	25	lbs.
Water .....	30	lbs.
Butter or lard .....	2	lbs.
Salt .....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	lbs.
Yeast (usually dried) .....	$\frac{1}{2}$ to 1	lb.

These ingredients were mixed to a stiff dough in the evening and allowed to stand overnight, making the fermentation time some twelve to fifteen hours. The next morning the dough was kneaded, placed in pans, allowed to double in size, and baked an hour, maybe longer.

#### THE BAKER'S FORMULA

1. Sponge		
Flour .....	60	lbs.
Water .....	36	lbs.
Yeast Food .....	$\frac{1}{2}$	lb.
Yeast .....	2	lbs.

These ingredients are fermented about four and one-half hours. Then the following ingredients are added and the whole mixed well, using a high-speed mixer

2. Dough		
Flour .....	40	lbs.
Water .....	28	lbs.
Dry skim milk powder .....	6	lbs.
Sugar .....	6	lbs.
Shortening .....	4	lbs.
Salt .....	2	lbs.

The machine mixing produces a dough entirely different from mother's job with her hands. This dough is fermented only ten to twenty minutes. It is then placed in pans, proofed and baked.

A comparison of the two methods and formulas, the percentages of ingredients being based on total flour used, is as follows:

	Mother's	Baker's
Sugar .....	2% (or less)	6%
Milk Solids (dry basis) .....	3%	6%
Shortening .....	2%	4%
Salt .....	$1\frac{1}{2}$ %	2%
Yeast .....	$\frac{1}{2}$ to 1%	2%
Yeast Food (bread improver)—None		$\frac{1}{2}$ %
Water .....	55% or less	64% plus
Fermentation time .....	10 to 15 hours	4 $\frac{1}{4}$ hrs. for sponge 20 min. for dough
Baking time .....	1 hour	25 to 30 min.

The obvious variations shown create distinct differences in the bread:

1. The high amounts of sugar, shortening and milk in baker's bread give a rich semi-cake flavor entirely different from the plain, delicate flavor of mother's bread. The long fermentation of mother's bread produced a distinct flavor absent from the less-fermented baker's bread.

2. Mother made no attempt to force the maximum amount of water into her dough, nor to keep it there by underbaking. The bakery accountant has placed a premium on high absorption (percentage of water added to the dough), as well as on a low loss of moisture during baking. The result is a very moist, underbaked, doughy loaf.

3. Mother gave her loaf a long, slow bake and got a solid, firm, well-baked interior in her bread. The high percentage of sugar and milk solids in the baker's loaf causes quick browning during baking, long before the center is well baked. The result is a gummy, spongy mass in the center.

4. Mother baked her bread in a dry oven. This produced a thick, tender crust. The baker uses steam in his oven and gets a thin, tough crust.

The differences are so marked that no one can honestly claim that the bread made by the large bread manufacturers resembles mother's bread in any way. Many small retail bakers make bread much like that of mother, however. French and Italian breads, as well as hard rolls, are similar to mother's bread in formula and fermentation.

Mother's bread with its neutral, delicate flavor served as an excellent background for cheese, soup, salad, meat, jelly, etc. It was not rich enough to offset the flavor of these other foods, and in mother's day bread was used freely with them, to say nothing of the weekly bread-and-milk meal. But baker's bread is too rich to blend well with the wide variety of auxiliary foods mentioned. True it toasts well (if you like soggy toast) but has the baker traded bread for lunch and bread for dinner for a slice of toast at breakfast? Many people think so.

The baker has lost business through other bad practices, such as "rolling" bread. "Rolling" bread consists liter-

ally of massaging stale bread to give it the softness of fresh bread, and then selling it as fresh bread. In fact the original reason for the housewife's practice of squeezing bread may have been self-protection against stale bread rather than a desire for soft bread. But such things as this are probably trivial as compared to the fundamental change in bread character.

The bread manufacturer boasts that he has changed bread-making from the home to the factory. He has. But in so doing he has also decreased the consumption of bread to an alarming degree.

The bread manufacturer, incidentally, would do well to take a leaf from the cracker baker. The cracker baker has resisted successfully the attempts of the purveyors of milk powder, soy-bean flour, etc., to put all manner of alien ingredients into his product. He has refused to change his old-fashioned, long fermentation. And the result has been gratifying indeed. Soda crackers have a delicate, bland flavor. They are beginning to replace bread to an increasing degree on the housewife's table.

Some day the bread manufacturer will realize just what he has been doing to his business. A few do now. He cannot change the consumer back to old-fashioned bread over-night. It will take years to undo the mistakes of a quarter of a century. But when he does realize it and acts, he will regain some of the lost ground. That is, if he doesn't wait too long. —ANONYMOUS

# CHRISTMAS WAS A CRIME

DECEMBER 25, 1647: A LITTLE-KNOWN EPISODE  
FROM THE CHRONICLES OF MERRIE ENGLAND



YOU and I look forward to Christmas as the most joyous event of the year. That the celebration of this festive season was once a crime punishable by imprisonment and even death is a fact little known to most of us.

It is true. And strange indeed was the Christmas Day that dawned, grey and gloomy, in the year of 1647. Strange and terrible and sad. For Merrie Olde England, where the Yuletide had always been ushered in with hearthfires and steaming ale and the happy laughter of children was cloaked in fear and sorrow. The celebration of Christmas had become a black sin!

By edict of Parliament, the occasion had been proclaimed a crime almost as dire as murder!

A heavier fog than usual blanketed London. The thick mists rising from the Thames took on the ugly features of writhing demons. Homes were dark and silent. Even the streets were bare of holly berries and green boughs and tiny flickering candles. A dread chill hung in the air, which was not caused by the sodden covering of snow that hid the cobbles. This was Christmas

morning, yet there was to be no Christmas! Warnings aplenty had been issued to the townsfolk, and whoever dared the wrath of the stern Parliament sitting determinedly at Westminster, took liberty and even life in his hands.

Little has been said about this incident in histories of that period of less than three hundred years ago. Probably because the facts were lost in the vast number of other rulings of that moral Parliament. The facts are to be found, however, in only the few existing news-books printed during the winter of 1647 in England.

The data are taken from the three fragile old "newspapers" owned by the Huntington Library of San Marino, California. They are called the *Grand Mercuries*, started in the fall of 1647 and published secretly for two years by Royalists despite frequent punishment of their writers.

That dark year of 1647 saw wartime England suffering from unemployment, exorbitant taxes, crop failure—much the same condition that was recently inflicted upon our own land. Seven years before, the genial

Charles I had fled from a Parliament that objected to the size of his expense account. The Roundhead army was determined that he should regain his throne only as a figurehead, if at all. In his efforts to seize the crown as an autocrat, he and his Royalist followers had waged a long, bitter fight.

In the seven years of their assemblage, the strict Puritan Parliament had dictated outlandish laws to an almost helpless people. Its rabid members had sought to suppress worldly pleasures. They had succeeded—even to the closing of all theatres, forbidding puppet shows, animal fights, and Sunday boating on the Thames. They had gone so far as to remove the organs from every church, decrying them as distractions to the long, wearisome sermons. And now they champed at the bit for new evils to abolish.

That they seized upon the festival of Christmas as an opportunity to display their narrow-mindedness is not strange, when one is acquainted with the facts surrounding this intensely moral body. And that such a stupid edict took from their people the one and only form of joyous expression left to them made no difference. It all came about in this manner:

At one of their meetings a member spoke up: "What about this Popish festival called Christmas?"

Militant Protestant eyes lighted up at once. Shaggy heads got together, wagging profoundly. Aye, what about it, indeed? The whole ceremony

reeked of the church rituals they had driven out of the country with the dethronement of Charles and his Catholic queen.

Sullen mutterings went around the group. Mutterings that quickly swelled to an ominous rumble. In solemn dignity, this serious-minded Parliament debated the matter of Christmas and voted it "an evil of heretics." It was sacrilege! They would forthwith put a ban on it!

With Puritan thoroughness, they abolished every Yuletide ceremony. Churches were closed on that day, bay leaves and holly were tabu, and all merry-making and feasting, either in public or private, was forbidden under dire threat of the law. Severe penalties were imposed for any observance of this "pagan, Romish custom." The laws were so strict that women were arrested for making plum puddings; men were fined and imprisoned for lighting yule logs; and a whole force of government spies sleuthed about for clergymen who dared to preach Christmas sermons!

And thus it came about that there was little merriment in Merrie England on Christmas Day of 1647. Throughout all this ancient land, where Yuletide had for centuries been ushered in with joyous feasting and happy gatherings, there was now gloom and fear.

To be sure, a few bold souls dared to break the law against puddings and other tasty things. But those who did feasted hurriedly and fearfully, with

one eye on their plates and another on the door, where at any moment a Parliament spy might appear. Imprisonment was the price of these stolen pleasures, if caught.

A few courageous ministers, too, dared to mount their pulpits on that day, and forthwith became martyrs to the cause of Christmas worship. Occasionally sullen and unhappy workmen vented their anger in small riots. But quick justice, or injustice, was meted out to the disobedient.

The Royalist press was loud in its discontent. The Roundhead journalists approved the law and offered little comment. A system of strict censorship prevailed purposely to destroy Royalist journalism. Yet they failed in squelching protest.

By imposing heavy fines on printers and writers, and by offering rewards for their arrests, Parliament cut short the lives of many Royalist pamphlets. The three leading ones, however—*Mercurius Pragmaticus*, *Mercurius Melancholicus*, and *Mercurius Elencticus*—by dint of much adroitness, managed to survive two troublous years. Often a substitute writer served on these sheets while the regular writer did his turn in Newgate prison.

"The gracious Parliament commanded that there should be no preaching on Christmas Day," comments the writer of *Mercurius Melancholicus*, for whose capture Parliament had a standing offer of twenty pounds. "Who ever thought it had

been a Sinn to serve God before? . . . I pray you," he sardonically concludes, "let us have an *ordinance* the next weeke against these superstitious Sabbaths."

"Is he that eats a Christmas Pye a Malignant?" demands another.

*Mercurius Pragmaticus* remarks bitterly that there would be on Christmas Day "as many pence as you please to them (the Houses) but not one paternoster to our Savior."

The reason, another explains, is that the Houses "think they shall have no need for Him, since they have so many saviors in the army." This comment is made in *Mercurius Elencticus* by one Sir George Wharton, whose career of arrests and daredevil escapes makes an entertaining tale in itself.

A parting shot is fired by *Pragmaticus*, who charges the Puritan Parliament thus:

"They had the stomach enough, having acted Pilate already, by crucifying Christ in his members, to play likewise the part of Herod, and destroy him in his Cradle; therefore they would allow him as little honor as might be, upon the day of his Nativity, and contrived which way to dishonor him publicly."

Strange to say, in all these comments, Royalist scribes appear more concerned over the loss of religious worship than over the merry-making that had been denied them. It hardly fits the alleged picture of England's gay Cavaliers. Yet many of these pages give the paradox of devout Puritans



closing the churches, and the supposedly irreligious Cavaliers mourning the act.

There are other pages, however, where the Cavalier love of fun and a good story comes to the fore. Bitterly as they resented the edict, none of these early "newspapermen" failed to get a certain grim enjoyment out of the situation. With much glee they recount the discomfiture of the Lord Mayor of London as he attempted to tear down the "Ivie, Rosemary and Baies and such other superstitious ware" with which the Company of Porters had decorated the conduit at Cornhill.

Let the genial "Prag" finish the story:

"And now in the name of God Amen, the holly and ivy was fixed so high that command was given for Ladders, which were brought, but it was ill venturing up, when so many Waggs were thronging beneath; So that when they saw all things in Order, his Lordship ready mounted, and no execution performed the Boyes . . . entertained his great clemency with so notable a shout, this his Nag began a hasty retreat . . . which the roguing Boyes admiring and hooting, made him leave these stately tricks, and for the honour of Christmas shew more gambols than Banks his Horse even did (at Bartholomew Fair) and with farre more activity."

This experience, we assume, was a fine lesson for his Lordship. We read further that his ardor for tearing down

public greens abruptly cooled, and he spent the rest of Christmas season "making privie search for superstitious Pies and Plum-broath, beginning with his own Cook, whom he found guilty of some Babylonish Baked-meats."

Countless other tales of Christmas casualties follow in these strange old "newspapers," always written with delight if the victim happened to be a Parliament man, and with indignation if a Royalist.

Strangely enough, all these accounts are of the year 1647. No mention is made of Christmas the following year.

The following is from *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, issue of Tuesday, December 21, to Tuesday, December 28, 1647:

Live, drinke, and laugh our worthies may

And kindly take their fills:

The Subjects must their reckonings pay,

The King must passe their bills.

No Prince now but they, the Crowne

Is vanished with our Quiet,

Nor will they let us use our owne Devotions and Diet.

All Plums and Prophets-Sonnes defie,

And Spice-broths are too hot;

Treason's in a December-Pie,

And Death within the Pot.

Christmas farewell, thy Day I feare

And merry-daies are done:

So they may keep Feasts all the Yeare,

Our Savior shall have none.

—ROBERT M. HYATT



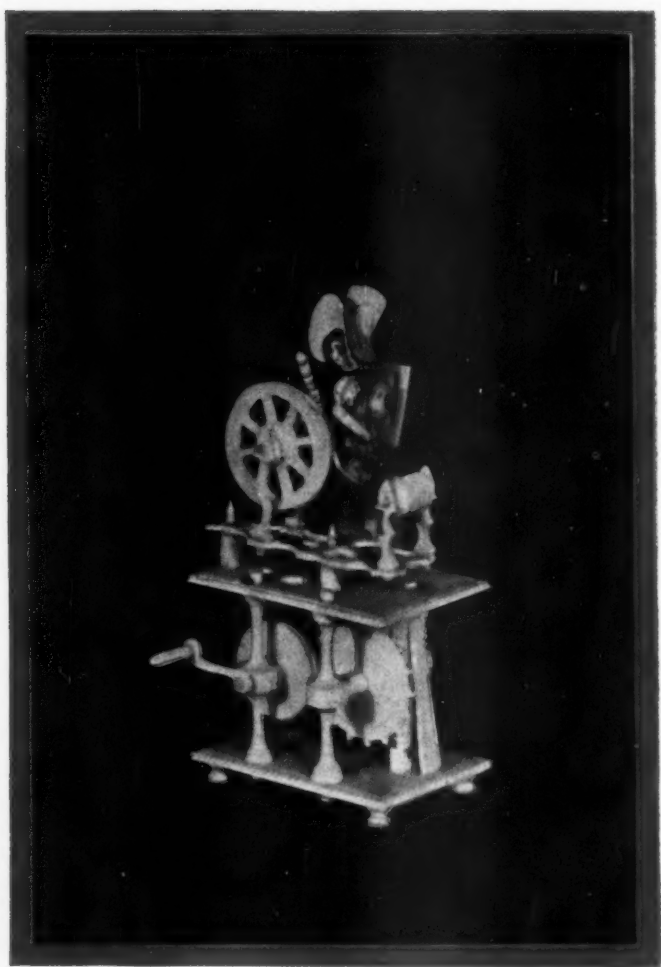


VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

### VICTORIA'S DOLL HOUSE FURNITURE

At the age of 12, in 1831, the young Victoria was first informed that she would one day be queen. (Historic is her answer: "I will be good.") But not until two years later did she put aside her toys, among them the doll house that contained these miniature furnishings.

DECEMBER, 1937



#### THE TOY OF ROYALTY . . .

Even today, when the dew is off the vogue, doll houses with realistic furnishings are a high water mark of craftsmanship in toy-making. In the early 19th century, the finest artisans collaborated to reproduce thus faithfully the household possessions of grown-ups.

CORONET



... WAS ROYALLY PRICED

The typically elaborate doll houses of Victoria's day constituted a tidy investment, even for a future queen. The Czar of Russia refused to accept a doll house constructed to his order in Holland because it so greatly exceeded the price of \$10,000 originally stipulated.



### LONELY IS BORN THE CHILD . . .

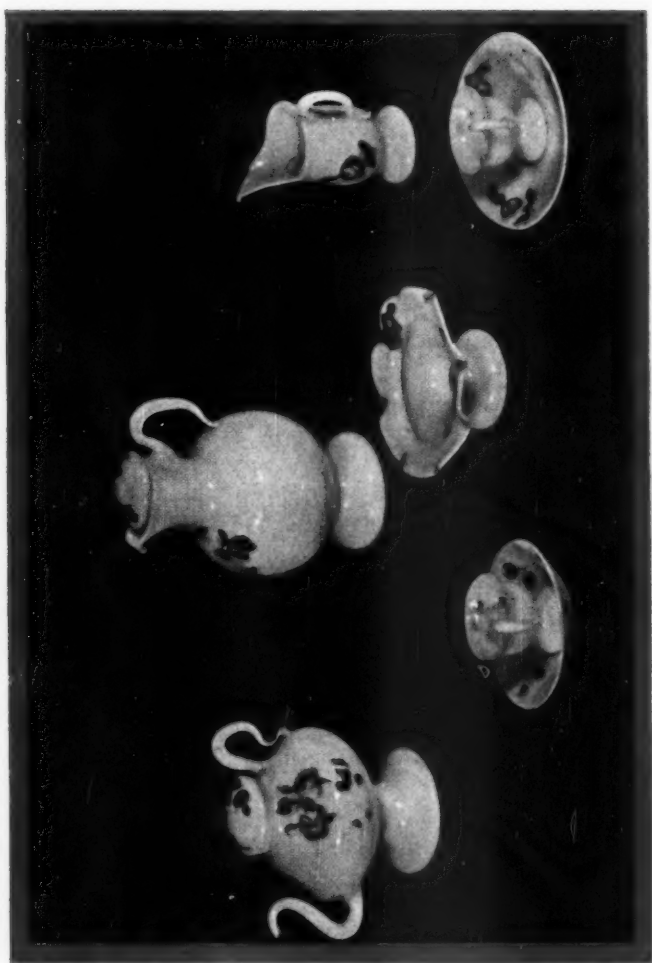
These tiny furnishings, along with countless other toys, were an unusually intimate part of Victoria's childhood. They represented in their lavishness not so much the indulgence of a princess as compensation for her being virtually deprived of playmates of her own age.



### . . . WHO IS TO THE MANNER BORN

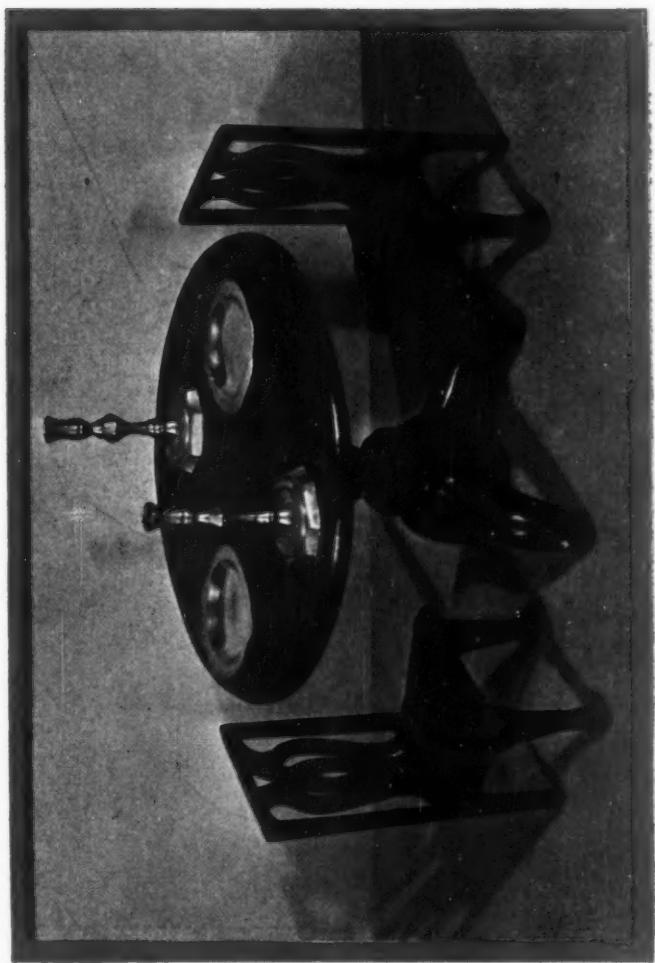
Long before she knew she was to be queen, Victoria had a lively sense of her special position. "You must not touch them," one of her rare playmates, making free with her toys, was told. To which was added, "And I may call you Jane but you must not call me Victoria."

DECEMBER, 1937



#### MUTE WITNESSES TO A CRISIS . . .

The future prestige of the British crown hung precariously upon the developing character of the little girl who played with these toys. In her early years she often set everyone at defiance, but at the age of 5 all that was changed with the advent of her new governess.



. . . IN THE EDUCATION OF A PRINCESS

Under the gentle tutelage of Fräulein Lehzen, a paragon of governesses, the young princess first showed those constant virtues which were to stand her in such good stead during her long reign. The personal influence of the governess far outweighed that of the mother.

DECEMBER, 1937





VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

### LEST BRITAIN FORGETS

The sadly tarnished crown which Victoria put on in 1837 had become a symbol of honor by the time of her death in 1901. Treasured tokens of this true achievement of character are the mementos of the childhood in which, after a false start, that character was formed.

## I MARRIED A WRITER

AND THE NUPTIAL VOW SHOULD HAVE READ:  
"FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE—AND HOW!"



I WAS once as other women. It is hard to believe now that at one time I was able to lead a perfectly normal life. I shared the thoughts, interests, and problems of thousands of other American girls. Existence was cut along the same pattern as my older sisters' and friends', and nothing—no still, small voice—ever warned me that it would not be always thus.

But that was before I was plunged into this strange and mad career. That was before I was forced to become at once a psychiatrist, a diplomat, a financial wizard, a secretary, a literary critic and a wife. That was, in short, before I married a writer.

Now everything is changed.

My husband is not a genius. He did not lead me to a cozy garret and point proudly to a pile of dusty and unfinished manuscript and say, "Count the world well lost for Art." Art and Self-Expression are words seldom heard in our household.

Neither is he a hack. He is a business man whose business happens to be putting words on paper that other people will pay to read. He regards

his typewriter as a carpenter does his tools or a lawyer his briefs—as an honorable and remunerative way of earning his living. But there his resemblance to other business men ends. And there, too, ends my resemblance to other business men's wives.

I don't say that this varied career of mine is any better than any other wife's, and I don't say it's any worse. I do say that Heaven knows it's different.

I began to suspect this before I had been married a month. Instead of playing the rôle of the typical bride, blissfully unpacking wedding presents and hanging the new curtains, I became immediately involved in the problems of a fictional Manhattan wife whose husband lost his job and his self-respect at the same time. Should she support him? Should she leave him? Should she take the Easiest Way Out? At breakfast, lunch and dinner, and at odd times between, I suffered with her.

I gently suggested to my husband that work was something done during working hours, as my father did his and other husbands did theirs. He

agreed, abstractedly, that I was right.

But he became stranger and stranger. I fixed up a little corner of the apartment where he could work undisturbed. It was small, but light and airy. He declared it was a veritable gem of a place, a halcyon abode where any man could work in peace. The very next day he announced it to be a rat hole that a self-respecting man wouldn't be caught dead in. I was bewildered by this, and a little alarmed.

My bewilderment slowly changed to despair. I became convinced I had married a madman. I lay awake at night plotting means of escape lest I, too, should become mad in this unreasonable and chameleon existence.

Then I noticed that at times my husband seemed perfectly normal. Among these mercurial outbursts were periods of complete rationality when he could discuss football scores and the income tax and Clark Gable as sanely as anybody.

And then something he said gave me a clue to the whole situation.

An old friend of his dropped in one evening. My husband was in his workroom, but as the typewriter was silent, I took it for granted that of course work was over. The three of us sat around and had what I considered a pleasant evening. But I was puzzled to see my spouse growing grimmer and grimmer. After Mr. Blank left, he made the illuminating remark:

"That lout! That scoundrel! That fool!"

I was amazed. "But you said you

liked him. He's an old friend of yours. He's—"

"For five hours I've been sitting in that workroom staring at the wall, trying to project myself into the mind of an old man in 1863. I'm not an old man and this isn't 1863. Do you know what that means? Trying to see and think and feel a world you've never known? I'd almost gotten it when that idiot came in and slapped me on the back. Now I'll have to go through the whole thing again tomorrow."

Suddenly a great light broke. At that moment I began to see my husband as he was. Not a madman. Not a child. He was a writer. These aberrations came when, unknown to me, his work was interrupted. But in his life there was no division between work and daily living. One colored the other. I had expected him to be like other men I knew. That was wrong. A writer isn't a human being and can't be treated like one. I discovered in that moment that I didn't have a husband. I had a Special Creation.

There was no one to go to for advice. I determined to fight it out alone. I set myself to learn. I learned that authors are great egoists. They have to be. Don't confuse that with egotism. My husband doesn't think he's the greatest writer on earth, but by the very nature of his craft he has to be conscious of his *self*. That self is the limit of his world. All his work, all his success, comes from it—his intuition, imagination, memory, feeling.

Well, that's fine I say—that egoism—as far as work goes. But have you ever seen an egoist with a headache? Or eyestrain? Or the problem of moving from one apartment to another?

It is the worst headache that ever assailed mortal man. There never was, never will be one to equal it. It pounds like the fiends of hell; it tears the vitals right out of one's quivering body. Going blind is a pleasure compared to staring at those damned typewriter keys for another hour. And moving is a cataclysm. It uproots a man's life, sucks him into a whirlpool of unrest, and finally flings him, broken, onto an alien and hostile shore.

These outbursts are not temperament. They are not drama. Believe me. They come from a normal person who uses himself to earn his living. And what I know now that I didn't know at first is that, unlike other business men, a writer doesn't keep working hours. My husband may be working when he shaves, drives the car, or sees a movie.

Of course he does keep office hours. Going to the office at our house consists of getting up from the breakfast table, walking down the hall to a small, sunny room and there closing the door. The door may be opened anywhere from fifteen minutes to four hours later. As it opens and closes, so goes my day.

Many times that door has been flung open and my husband has faced me with the wild eyes of a desperate man. "I'm through!" he will an-

nounce. "Finished. I'll never write another word, I know it. Washed up at thirty-five!"

When that first happened I faced him with a desperation equaling if not exceeding his own. Through my mind raced visions of unpaid bills, of looking for jobs—*what* jobs?—of the end of a promising career in some neighboring river. But you learn. You take it philosophically and you reason calmly (to yourself) that all slumps are like this and they don't last. They may come three times in the same week and then not again for months. But however short a time they last and however infrequently they come, they are the black days and they take delicate handling.

There is another thing you learn. You learn to be a bulwark. A nice, tactful, shifting, big bulwark. You stand between the inner sanctum and the part of the outside world, even the pleasant part, that is likely to intrude.

For some reason that closed work-room door exerts an unholy fascination for some of our friends who are not writers themselves. These people—well-meaning, considerate, who would never dream of disturbing a doctor with his patient or a salesman with a customer—will thwart with grim determination my efforts to get them past that door. They will slow down as they approach it on the way to the living-room. They will eye it with an ill-concealed and avid curiosity. They will stalk it like a beast of prey. Then they will pounce quickly.

agreed, abstractedly, that I was right.

But he became stranger and stranger. I fixed up a little corner of the apartment where he could work undisturbed. It was small, but light and airy. He declared it was a veritable gem of a place, a halcyon abode where any man could work in peace. The very next day he announced it to be a rat hole that a self-respecting man wouldn't be caught dead in. I was bewildered by this, and a little alarmed.

My bewilderment slowly changed to despair. I became convinced I had married a madman. I lay awake at night plotting means of escape lest I, too, should become mad in this unreasonable and chameleon existence.

Then I noticed that at times my husband seemed perfectly normal. Among these mercurial outbursts were periods of complete rationality when he could discuss football scores and the income tax and Clark Gable as sanely as anybody.

And then something he said gave me a clue to the whole situation.

An old friend of his dropped in one evening. My husband was in his workroom, but as the typewriter was silent, I took it for granted that of course work was over. The three of us sat around and had what I considered a pleasant evening. But I was puzzled to see my spouse growing grimmer and grimmer. After Mr. Blank left, he made the illuminating remark:

"That lout! That scoundrel! That fool!"

I was amazed. "But you said you

liked him. He's an old friend of yours. He's—"

"For five hours I've been sitting in that workroom staring at the wall, trying to project myself into the mind of an old man in 1863. I'm not an old man and this isn't 1863. Do you know what that means? Trying to see and think and feel a world you've never known? I'd almost gotten it when that idiot came in and slapped me on the back. Now I'll have to go through the whole thing again tomorrow."

Suddenly a great light broke. At that moment I began to see my husband as he was. Not a madman. Not a child. He was a writer. These aberrations came when, unknown to me, his work was interrupted. But in his life there was no division between work and daily living. One colored the other. I had expected him to be like other men I knew. That was wrong. A writer isn't a human being and can't be treated like one. I discovered in that moment that I didn't have a husband. I had a Special Creation.

There was no one to go to for advice. I determined to fight it out alone. I set myself to learn. I learned that authors are great egoists. They have to be. Don't confuse that with egotism. My husband doesn't think he's the greatest writer on earth, but by the very nature of his craft he has to be conscious of his *self*. That self is the limit of his world. All his work, all his success, comes from it—his intuition, imagination, memory, feeling.

Well, that's fine I say—that egoism—as far as work goes. But have you ever seen an egoist with a headache? Or eyestrain? Or the problem of moving from one apartment to another?

It is the worst headache that ever assailed mortal man. There never was, never will be one to equal it. It pounds like the fiends of hell; it tears the vitals right out of one's quivering body. Going blind is a pleasure compared to staring at those damned typewriter keys for another hour. And moving is a cataclysm. It uproots a man's life, sucks him into a whirlpool of unrest, and finally flings him, broken, onto an alien and hostile shore.

These outbursts are not temperament. They are not drama. Believe me. They come from a normal person who uses himself to earn his living. And what I know now that I didn't know at first is that, unlike other business men, a writer doesn't keep working hours. My husband may be working when he shaves, drives the car, or sees a movie.

Of course he does keep office hours. Going to the office at our house consists of getting up from the breakfast table, walking down the hall to a small, sunny room and there closing the door. The door may be opened anywhere from fifteen minutes to four hours later. As it opens and closes, so goes my day.

Many times that door has been flung open and my husband has faced me with the wild eyes of a desperate man. "I'm through!" he will an-

nounce. "Finished. I'll never write another word, I know it. Washed up at thirty-five!"

When that first happened I faced him with a desperation equaling if not exceeding his own. Through my mind raced visions of unpaid bills, of looking for jobs—*what* jobs?—of the end of a promising career in some neighboring river. But you learn. You take it philosophically and you reason calmly (to yourself) that all slumps are like this and they don't last. They may come three times in the same week and then not again for months. But however short a time they last and however infrequently they come, they are the black days and they take delicate handling.

There is another thing you learn. You learn to be a bulwark. A nice, tactful, shifting, big bulwark. You stand between the inner sanctum and the part of the outside world, even the pleasant part, that is likely to intrude.

For some reason that closed work-room door exerts an unholy fascination for some of our friends who are not writers themselves. These people—well-meaning, considerate, who would never dream of disturbing a doctor with his patient or a salesman with a customer—will thwart with grim determination my efforts to get them past that door. They will slow down as they approach it on the way to the living-room. They will eye it with an ill-concealed and avid curiosity. They will stalk it like a beast of prey. Then they will pounce quickly.

Why do people do this? We have discussed it countless times with other writers. They have all suffered the same experience, but no one has a satisfactory explanation.

Servants offer a like headache. Try explaining to your maid at the last minute that dinner must be late tonight because the master of the house is working. She will look at you with unspoken and resentful reproach that says, quite clearly: "Working! Anybody can see he's only sitting in there at that typewriter." She seems to share what I have discovered, to my surprise, to be a widespread opinion, that sitting at a typewriter has utterly no connection with honest work and that any variation in domestic routine for such a reason is evidence only of fiendish contrariness.

Now if you happen to belong to the I'd-go-crazy-if-I-had-a-man-under-my-feet-all-day school of wives, you may be wondering what I get out of all this. I get a lot. Being on a twenty-four hour shift like this may be a little wearing at times, but it has its compensations.

Most American wives, I think, want to share in their husband's business affairs, at least to the extent of a complete understanding. The days of the Little Woman at Home and the now-don't-you-worry-that-pretty-little-head-with-thoughts attitude on the part of husbands is pretty well over. That's one advantage I have. I don't have to be told about my husband's business. I know as much

about it as he does. By its nature I'm completely identified with it.

His work is immediately reflected in mine. When he has a successful day I feel the same thrill as if I had been at the typewriter myself. When he has a bad day we brood together. And when a story appears in a magazine or a book comes out I feel part of it is mine. There is no sharp division between office and home, man's world and woman's. They are closely interwoven, and both share in each.

And look at the fun you can have. There's a leisure in this life, in spite of its high pressure moments, that no office routine can give. You are bound by no rigid regimen. Maybe I'm wrong, but it seems fun to me to be able to have a leisurely breakfast together in the middle of the week when the rest of the male world is rushing to its office. And I'd certainly rather go to a mid-week matinee or baseball game or to the beach with my husband than anybody else.

Don't get the wrong idea. We're not Siamese twins. And it would certainly be a mistake for any man and wife to spend every waking hour in each other's company. But granting that you have your portion of compatibility to begin with, this close identification is the basis for a truly grand companionship.

Look, I'm not setting myself up to say, "See what I have." I'm only saying that because of this enforced close association, this identification in business and in lives thrust willy-nilly



upon you, a writer's wife is either a very happy wife or she isn't a writer's wife at all. A writer's marriage either takes or it doesn't. There's nothing halfway about it. If you can stand the peculiar drawbacks that go with it, you will receive its peculiar rewards.

And that brings me to the worst drawback of all—the budget bogey.

When I first embarked on this strange career, my friends were of two minds. The romantic ones said: "But how marvelous not to be chained to a desk! You can follow the sun around, live everywhere you want to. Florida in the winter, the mountains in the summer. I envy you."

My more prosaic friends eyed me pessimistically and prophesied: "You'll go crazy. How can you ever learn to budget on a writer's uncertain income?"

Well, you don't go crazy. But you do have to become re-psychologized. Instead of figuring your income in actualities you figure in possibilities and probabilities. In this writing business there is no immediate return for work done. You eat today on the proceeds of a story written two months ago; you eat tomorrow on the royalties of a book published last year and written the year before that. Because story checks are uncertain and book royalties variable, solving the budget is like solving an algebraic equation where all the figures are  $x$ .

Even with well established authors story checks can be uncertain. Because of two factors. One is that the law of

averages infallibly decrees that not all stories can be of equally salable quality. Some are bound to slip. Remember the dread slump periods! I venture to say there's not a writer living who consistently and over a long period sells everything he's written. The other factor has nothing to do with the writer. Magazines sometimes change editors or change policy. New editors have new tastes, different policies require different treatment.

The other source of a writer's income, his book royalties, vary because of the public who buy the books. Who knows when the public will seize avidly on one novel and treat another by the same author with an indifference amounting to aversion? Not the publisher, and certainly not the author. And who knows what the movies will buy and what they won't? I ask you, Who?

And so with all these wispy and nebulous possibilities floating around the budget becomes wispy, too. It takes on the aspects of a ghost. I don't mind saying it was a ghost that haunted me quite terrifyingly until I learned how to lay it. You have to acquire a new and elastic psychology. You have to be ready for anything. You must learn to accept with equanimity and equilibrium a year when the earnings exceed your fondest hopes and a year when the income figures are way down to *here*. Because one year is fat you have no reassurance that the next one will be likewise; and if one year is lean you have no reason

to regard the next too pessimistically. You have to plan a budget with plenty of leeway at both ends.

If you're smart there isn't much difference in the way you live in the fat years and the lean years. Experience teaches you how much you need to get by, how much to live comfortably, how much to live well. It's up to you to strike the average. Then if editors are recalcitrant and both public and movies spurn your novels, you can cut down without too much painful scrimping. And if editors, public, and pictures alike greet you with open arms, you can expand carefully in a way that considers possible bad days to come.

Now on whom do you suppose the largest part of this delicate financial juggling falls? Whom do *you* think? My husband is a practical man. He has no delusions about the business he is in. But when he writes, he writes; and writing leaves little time or inclination for day-by-day figuring. His is the larger responsibility of earning the money. The budget to him is in general, not specific, terms. It is my business to play with the "If's" and "When's" and "How much's" until they take on some concrete form, and then to play policeman to see that that form is not disturbed.

One day my husband blithely announces that our old car needs repairs that are too expensive to be practical; it would be only economical to turn it in and buy a new one.

I look up from my involved "novel

year" figuring. (A novel year is one during which a book is written to the exclusion of quicker-selling stories. During these years you live only on past royalties and money you have saved. There will be nothing coming in until this new book is out.)

"But how can we buy a car? We have only \$. . . to live on and this is a novel year, in case you've forgotten. We just can't do it."

"I know," he says airily and persuasively, "but it seems foolish to repair the old machine. We have the cash in hand."

"We haven't the cash in hand. This is all we have to live on for a year."

He looks down at my intricate figuring.

"Maybe," he says quite hopefully, "maybe I can do a series of stories as well as the book. Maybe—"

I make my voice cold. "We're dealing with figures—not maybes. If the old car is too expensive, we'll have to do without one."

He is silent for a long time. "Of course," he says in a resigned voice, "you're quite right."

But it's not easy to do things like that. You have to learn a rigid self-control.

When I was first married I fell victim to that strange malady known as Getting a Check. I'm sure there are few households where the arrival of the pay-check doesn't elicit loud screams of joy. But in an author's household its very uncertainty makes the screams a little louder, the joy more uncon-

fined. For some reason I can't explain the sight of a check in the mail makes you forget the hours and days of work that went into earning it. You forget the sweating and the groaning. It becomes a gift from Heaven, a reward for two good little children from a benign Providence. Do you think of paying bills? Do you think of swelling the bank account? "Lookit," you say, "what Santa Claus brought." And you plan a party or a new radio or a permanent you don't *really* need. It took me some bitter lessons to get over this. I have never gotten over the thrill of getting a check. Check days are beautiful days. They positively rejuvenate you. It is such moments as these that compensate for the uncertainty.

And there are other compensations. The little item brought up by my romantic friends is one of them—the freedom from a desk and a job. Of course it's not as romantic as they pictured it.

We don't exactly follow the sun. Moving every season is expensive in time and energy when a period of readjustment to climate, new quarters, and different working conditions must follow every move. But we can and do take vacations at any time of year we like.

There are no "arrangements" to be made at the office. No worry about leaving work in the hands of assistants—or possible competitors. We go when we feel like it and the typewriter goes with us. Sometimes it is ignored;

sometimes it is used to profit. One of the best and most remunerative stories my husband ever wrote was on a two weeks vacation when we escaped from the almost unbearable heat of the southern city where we live to the invigoration of the mountains.

There is one luxury we share with the wealthy—long week ends when we want them. No drab Monday morning deadline has to be met. That one small fact can give you a wonderful sense of ease and well-being. And we're not bound by conventional working days.

If we feel like it, we work on Sunday and take a Wednesday off. Or a Friday, or any other day when there's something special we particularly want to do. Mobility is a wonderful thing.

The funny part of it is you don't have to use it to enjoy it. The feeling that we can set up shop and go to work where we like, when we like, and for as long as we like with no one to say us nay, is one that I cherish. Whether we *do* it or not doesn't matter. We *can*.

I suppose nobody has exactly the life he plans for himself. I certainly didn't plan this career. But it's the one I happen to be in. All I can do is quote the Red King in *Alice in Wonderland*.

"I didn't say there was nothing better. I said there was nothing like it."

Don't take my word for it. Ask any writer's wife. —ANONYMOUS

# CITY 'ROUND THE BEND

THE SAGA OF OLD NEW ORLEANS WHICH WON  
OUT OVER FLOODS, PLAGUES AND HUEY LONG



LEAVING the continental terrain almost through the heart is this mighty river, "Mitchissippi," or Father of Waters, as the Indians called it. Twenty-five hundred miles long without benefit of its tributaries, it came down and at its mouth raised a huge delta which stuck out into the Gulf of Mexico like a cat's paw. A hundred miles inland from the gulf the city was founded and because it originally followed the curve of the river it was called the Crescent City. Today, after more than two centuries of growth New Orleans snakes down the river for twelve miles and resembles more a capital S. City of the Mardi Gras, and of the French Quarter; pronounced Nawlins, Noo Orleens, and Nu Awhlins.

In 1528 Narvaez, the Spanish explorer, was the first white man reported near the delta of the Mississippi River. DeSoto, who came thirteen years later, discovered the river and explored it as far north as the mouth of the Arkansas River. In the Great Lakes region Marquette and Joliet, hearing of the great river, set out to find it and got as far south as

the Arkansas. When Robert LaSalle, completing the work of discovery for France, took possession of the territory lying on the river he called it Louisiana in honor of the Grand Monarch, Louis XIV.

A dozen years passed before two French naval officers, Iberville and Bienville, explored the lower part of the Mississippi. Bienville explored the region and was impressed by the fact that there was a natural site for a colony on the spot where a Houma Indian village was located. In 1712 Antoine Crozat, a wealthy merchant, received Louisiana as a concession and five years later handed it over to John Law and his Company of the West for exploitation. Bienville was made the governor and it was in 1718 that he established the settlement of Nouvelle Orleans, named thus in honor of the Duke of Orleans, the Regent of France.

The post was important because it guarded the gateway to the Lower Mississippi Valley, but Jean Baptiste LeMoyne, Sieur de Bienville, saw opportunities for more than a military center. His engineers, de la Tour and

Pauger, laid out a town. Two years after New Orleans was founded John Law's company collapsed and caused a financial crisis in Europe. The entire episode was known thereafter as the Mississippi Bubble; half of France was caught in the crash.

But the town continued. In 1722 it became the seat of the government of the entire colony. Five years later Ursuline nuns arrived and established the first school for girls in the Mississippi Valley; their convent, the oldest building in the city, still stands. At this time there were about a thousand persons here, including indentured servants and slaves.

However, the colony was a financial drain on the mother-country and by the Treaty of Fontainebleau France ceded to Spain in 1762 all of Louisiana west of the river. There were less than 4,000 persons in the town and one-third of these were slaves.

When Spain became the ruler she sent firm administrators to the colony. The French inhabitants sulked and even attempted to revolt but they could do nothing to change their fate. There was some immigration, particularly that of the Acadians, exiled from their homes in Nova Scotia, and commerce developed. In 1788 the city was razed by fire but it was rebuilt and in the rebuilding the Spanish influence conquered. The "French Quarter" is the Spanish town that rose out of the ashes of that French community.

In 1794 Etienne de Bore succeeded

in making granulated sugar out of the cane that grew on his plantation. New Orleans expanded in importance and the American states came to depend on it as a port for trans-shipping goods to Europe. To much of the South and even to parts of the Northwest Territory it became a vital center for trade and commerce.

Thus when Napoleon took Louisiana back from Spain in 1800 and his plans for a colonial empire subsequently failed it was natural that the United States should be interested in acquiring this port which was so important to American trade west of the Appalachians. There were 10,000 inhabitants in New Orleans when Jefferson and Livingston completed the purchase of the entire territory of Louisiana for a price that they would have been willing to pay for the port alone.

Despite the French character of New Orleans, the French, after their initial period of exploitation, did little with either Louisiana or the city itself. Indeed, the period of Napoleonic control lasted no more than twenty days. In 1804 the Orleans territory was organized and the city was incorporated. Two years later the city was disturbed by the rumor that Aaron Burr was coming down the river to seize it and carve out a private state for himself along the Gulf and in Mexico. It was on this charge that Burr was later captured and tried for treason.

In 1812, the year the first steam-

boat came down the Mississippi, Louisiana was admitted to the Union. Three years later Andrew Jackson fought and defeated the British in the battle of New Orleans; this battle was fought when the treaty of peace with England had already been signed but word of the cessation of hostilities had not yet reached the community.

Before the Civil War the Crescent City attained the position of third in size in the United States. It was a shipping center for cotton and rice, sugar, molasses and tobacco. The theatre and the French Opera flourished here. Likewise did the Code Duello and the fencing academy; the famous duelling-oaks under which gentlemen thrust and parried still stand in City Park. Creole society was New Orleans society. It was a city of color, *joie de vivre* on the one hand and these gradations, mulatto, quadroon, octoroon and even finer shades, on the other. It was the city of the Mardi Gras and the quadroon ball and the Creole "protector" system for the quadroon girl.

The city had only two handicaps: the annual overflow of the Mississippi and the recurring epidemics of yellow fever that threatened to wipe out the population. In 1831, the year the first railroad in the state was built, a cholera epidemic wrought havoc and eight thousand died. And New Orleans earned a questionable reputation as the New World's most unhealthy city. Five years later the establishment of a system of waterworks

marked the beginnings of public sanitation. Nevertheless in 1853 the worst yellow fever epidemic took 16,000 lives.

On January 26, 1861, Louisiana seceded from the Union. When Louisiana joined the Confederacy it became inevitable that New Orleans should be the scene of military and naval operations. For the tacticians of the North soon saw that they must split the Confederacy by gaining control of the Mississippi River.

The mouth of the river was soon blockaded by a Union fleet to prevent outgoing shipments that could be turned into gold for the purchase of munitions abroad. In April of 1862 the city surrendered to Admiral Farragut and came under the military governorship of General Ben Butler, who contributed nothing to make the military occupation pleasant.

Reconstruction days came and with them the shameless operations of the "carpetbaggers." But in their actions was the seed of the reaction. In 1874 a pitched battle was fought on Canal Street between the rival groups. Three years later the Federal Government took its heavy hand from the people of the state.

Into the international headlines went New Orleans when in 1891 the chief of police, David C. Hennessey, was murdered by some members of the Mafia, an Italian secret society identified with blackmail and extortion. Nine men were arrested for the murder but were acquitted in court.



An enraged mob then seized and lynched these men. Italy sent the State Department in Washington a strong note of protest. Each nation withdrew its representative from the other's capital. Then Congress, without accepting blame for the incident voted \$25,000 to the families of those lynched and calm was restored and the diplomatic representatives were sent back to their posts.

When 1900 came the population was 287,000. The city was celebrated for the Mardi Gras, for the French Quarter, for its food, for its floods and still for its yellow fever. But it was discovered that yellow fever was carried by mosquitoes and that the mosquitoes bred in open gutters and in standing water. By 1903 the sewerage and water board, by a change of sewage disposal methods, practically eliminated the dreaded disease. Three years later, for the first time, no deaths from yellow fever were recorded.

In 1914 when the bubonic plague threatened, the people of New Orleans went to work and made their city rat-proof, a gigantic task that involved expense and labor on every structure in the city and entailed the eradication of over two million rats.

The human vermin, however, were here as everywhere allowed to flourish. The Levee came to mean the redlight district and the French Quarter, too, earned a reputation apart from its picturesqueness, but neither could stay the new growth of the

community. Today it is second only to New York in the amount of foreign commerce it handles.

Year after year the Mississippi swept through the delta and inundated acres. New Orleans built higher and stronger levees until the city itself sat in the center of a large saucer, of which the levees were the rim. But time and again only the cutting of the levees in the regions above have saved the city from disaster. And huge pumps work day and night to keep it from overflowing even from ordinary rainfall. Because of the marshy soil the dead are usually buried in cemetery vaults above the ground.

New Orleans is a world market for cotton, sugar, petroleum, salt, clay, oysters, shrimps, perique tobacco, rice and other cereals. Until two years ago it shared with the rest of Louisiana a unique politician named Huey P. Long. Not a native of New Orleans, Long's operations as governor, senator, manipulator extraordinary and enemy of certain New Orleans officeholders brought him to the Crescent City often enough to identify him with it. He was the king of his own mardi gras.

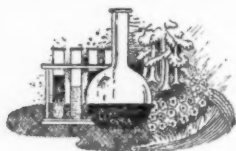
But the spirit of carnival was in New Orleans when it was conceived by John Law to help his agents sell shares in his enterprises. No matter how large it grows to the world it will be identified with the French Quarter (oh, have you ever had a meal at Antoine's?) and with the Mardi Gras.

—LOUIS ZARA



# SCIENCE OF SUBSTITUTES

LOOKING FORWARD TO THE DAY WHEN NATURE  
WILL TAKE A BACK SEAT TO THE CHEMIST



**A**N ACRE of rubber trees, provided they are growing in the East Indies or Brazil or some other restricted region of suitable soil and tropical climate, will yield 500 pounds of rubber in the course of five years.

But an acre of factory will yield 400,000 pounds of a synthetic rubber-like substance in two hours of operation, building the elastic stuff from scratch out of raw materials which are abundant natural products of American mining.

It is true that a pound of the artificial "rubber" costs several times the price of a pound of the natural product, but don't let that little detail defeat you. There were years, within the lifetime of men now living, when aluminum was more costly than silver; and the early rayon yarns were more expensive to produce than silk. Already our man-made elastic stuff is superior to the natural product in many qualities. Its texture and reactive characteristics are such that it is resistant to oils and other penetrating substances which destroy ordinary rubber. Therefore some petroleum, aeronautic, and chemical industries

already prefer synthetic "rubber" for certain specialized uses. As processes are improved and mass production lowers the cost, we may expect the artificial material to go into tires, hose, belting, shoes, clothing, all the variety of uses. In how many years? Nobody knows.

The perfumers are an even older guild of craftsmen than the rubber makers, but until lately their industry rested almost wholly upon a plantation technique. Vast quantities of flowers had to be gathered, these were exposed to absorbent materials or to solvents and other extractive substances, and by primitive and time-consuming processes the precious oils of violet, rose, and other blooms, were obtained.

To get a single ounce of the natural oil of violet it was necessary to process twenty-five tons of violet blossoms. Today, all the natural aromas of flowers, and many hundreds more, are made by the chemist in his laboratory without having to pick a single blossom. Even the elusive fragrance of lilacs and lilies of the valley is now duplicated in enduring chemicals.

When the Germans of the World War, shut off from sources of supply of many essentials, developed their "ersatz" or substitute materials out of refuse, waste, and whatever raw stuff was available, the taint of makeshift attached itself to the technique of ersatz. At least, such was the popular reaction—and possibly it was justified. Man at bay does his best, and his emergency best is not always the best. By means of Fritz Haber's ingenious method of taking nitrogen out of the air, combining it with hydrogen and other elements in a chemist's boiler, the blockaded Germans were able to make explosives to activate their artillery and fertilizers to grow their food crops. But many critics supposed that this nitrogen-snatching was a costly and cumbersome expedient, and that after the war the natural nitrates of the Chilean deposits would of course resume their wonted supremacy. It hasn't worked out that way, however. Today there is scarcely an industrial nation that does not have its nitrogen-fixation factories, turning out compounds of predetermined structures and specified purity, and in quantities that recall the history of synthetic indigo and its rapid displacement of the natural indigo of the Asiatic plantations.

Lift your telephone receiver for a talk across town or across the continent. It isn't only by the ingenuities of the electricians that you can project your words and your brogue to the

distant listeners, but also because of the cunning of the chemists who tore substances apart, found out their hidden peculiarities of structure, tagged the sources of their weakness as well as the causes of their strength, and, thus primed, built a new structure better molded to the requirements. There is no iron, nickel, cobalt, or other natural material so permeable and responsive to the tiny fluctuations of the electro-magnetic field as are certain alloys concocted by the metallurgical chemist—metals that never existed in any mine, but now are made to order in the laboratory.

By mixing a little magnesium with other metals, the aeronautical designers are being supplied with a rigid and durable alloy lighter than aluminum. By stirring a little beryllium with a pinch of nickel into a large proportion of copper, and then tempering the congealed mixture with a suitable treatment, a metal has been attained which is harder than the hardest bronze, highly resilient, and resistant to corrosion and fatigue—qualities which are bringing this alloy rapidly into use as a material for springs, diaphragms, switch bars, and other strategic parts.

An alloy does not represent a new linking of atoms, but is mostly a mixture of two or more kinds of metallic molecules. So, too, the air we breathe may be regarded as a gaseous alloy; it is a mixture of various freely moving particles of gas. Normal air, such as we get at sea level, consists of about

79 per cent nitrogen, a little less than 21 per cent oxygen, about four hundredths of 1 per cent carbon dioxide, and very minute traces of helium, argon, and other rare gases. In actual practice, air varies considerably between city and suburbs, between industrial districts and rural areas—but the percentages mentioned are about as nature normally proportions her ingredients into the vaporous alloy we breathe. Is it the best possible mixture?

Medical men have found that they can improve the mixture, when it comes to supplying the necessities of the body under certain diseases. The oxygen tent, which was introduced during the World War as an emergency device to relieve victims of gas warfare, is now standard equipment in modern hospitals. Not only ailments of the lungs, but many others, including the effects of certain poisons, alcoholism, and even the mental disease known as dementia praecox, seem to be somewhat alleviated when the patient is supplied with oxygen-enriched air as breathing material. In some treatments the atmosphere within the tent is more than half oxygen, with above the normal proportion of carbon monoxide, and correspondingly a reduced ratio of nitrogen.

But the oxygen-enriched atmosphere, and other gases breathed under the tent, may be regarded as a sort of medicine; and what is needed as medication in time of illness may be quite superfluous, and even possibly in-

jurious, in time of health. So the biologists are curious about the effect of synthetic air on the normal individual.

Recently Professor J. W. Hershey disclosed results of a series of experiments in this field, a study that has been in progress for several years. He procured a colony of white mice, selected individuals of vigor and good health, housed them in sealed compartments, and then proceeded to provide the compartments with various kinds of breathing material. One of his tests was a study of oxygen deprivation, to see how the animals would fare in a pure gas bereft of oxygen. The results were surprising. Hydrogen would seem to be the next best substitute for oxygen as a breathing material, for in an atmosphere of pure hydrogen some of the mice lived as long as 36 minutes. In nitrogen, the maximum survival was 6 minutes. In argon, 3 minutes. In helium, 2 minutes and 40 seconds.

What would be the effect of undiluted oxygen? If the normal atmospheric allotment of 21 per cent is good, would 100 per cent be better? Apparently the answer is No, for in undiluted oxygen some of the mice died in 2 days and the longest survival was 6 days.

Suppose, instead of nature's usual dilution with 79 per cent nitrogen, some other inert gas is substituted? Hershey tried helium, mixing 79 per cent of it with 21 per cent oxygen, and the mice seemed quite normal.

After a conclusive period in this atmosphere, he changed the proportions to 50-50. Certain results seemed to say that the change was an improvement: the mice flourished in the drastically artificial atmosphere of half-helium half-oxygen. When argon was substituted for helium as the inert ingredient, the proportions 75 per cent argon and 25 per cent oxygen seemed to give the best results.

These researches are at their beginning, and much remains to be done before results obtained with mice can be applied in human biology. Certain industrial and technological developments suggest openings for further extensions of the inquiry. And, indeed, in aeronautics, studies with human subjects are under way.

There are certain advantages in flying airplanes at altitudes of 25,000 feet and more. Here the ship is above the storm level, and the thin air facilitates speed and economizes power. But since the temperature up there is around 40 degrees below zero, and the air density less than a third that of air at sea level, pilots and passengers would need to travel in a hermetically sealed cabin, and the cabin would need to be supplied artificially with heated air. Since an atmosphere must be provided, and since the conditions of altitude and other restrictions are so abnormal as to call for scientific scrutiny of every detail, it becomes highly pertinent to ask, What kind of atmosphere?

If tests finally show that an atmos-

phere of higher-than-normal oxygen content—or one diluted with helium in place of nitrogen—is advantageous for air travelers, then, I presume, synthetic atmospheres will become more than a merely aeronautical and medical interest. The air-conditioned passenger trains, theatres, offices, stores, and, in time, our air-conditioned homes, will want to know if synthetic atmospheres are not beneficial at lower levels.

Someone has pointed out a possible danger from air-conditioning. It is argued that even present conditions of washing air and purifying it for interior ventilation may remove the normal atmospheric content of bacteria and other germs. Persons who are born, eat, sleep, and live in the germless interior atmosphere are not likely to develop in their blood-stream the antibodies which combat germs. And so, it is argued, they are likely to fall an easy prey to bacilli when they venture out-of-doors.

I have heard air conditioning experts deny this liability. They report that their art is not so perfect—germless air conditioning does not exist. Whether it may ever exist deponent saith not. But it may be appropriate to suggest that the syntheticist who can put a desired quality into a metal, may also, if necessity requires, put a desired germ into the air. If nature's natural alchemy may be outdistanced, surely we may hold our creations, as occasions arise, level with her stride.

—GEORGE W. GRAY

## THE HEN

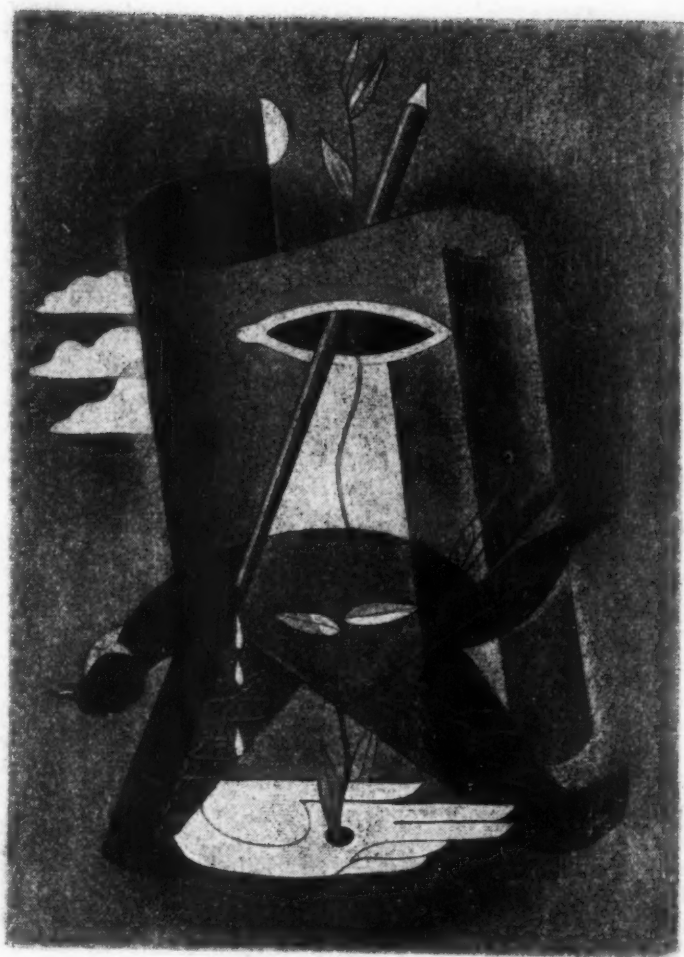
A sudden whirl of thunder shakes the claw-gripped earth,  
The vacant head stops, wondering, then floods with fear  
And talons poised to furrow up fresh bits of life  
Start into motion straight across the fated road.  
Our brakes screech. The tiny eyes grow red with terror;  
Her pulsing throat squawks, frantic, mad for life,  
And then the hard wheel strikes. The darkness settles  
In that thimble brain; the feathers on the road.

God sighs, and from behind His ear takes a pencil  
That is worn by endless writing. Too worn, He decides,  
And whittles at the carbon with pearlhandled jack-knife.

From smooth oval prison  
she broke to the day  
and stood where the sun  
on her yellow down lay,  
mighty to her were  
the wings of her mother,  
wind made the grass stir  
like cornstalks above her;  
her days as she grew  
were a search for food  
a hawk in the blue  
a fear for her brood,  
aware of the musk  
of the sharp-taloned male,  
good sleep in the dusk  
on the close huddled rail.  
Her journey was narrow  
brief was its span  
more than a sparrow  
less than a man.

The pencil sharp, with His implacable precision  
God turns the pages to an unused leaf, and sighs again  
And writes, as music filters from surrounding heaven,  
"One hen dead at tom doyle's place on route eleven  
"Near salem in virginia; and all is well, amen."

—JOHN HAVENER



DECEMBER, 1937

## SUCCESS STORY

ULTIMATE APPLICATION OF THE CYNICS  
THEORY THAT THOSE WHO CAN'T, TEACH



**H**ELEN ALEXANDER was successful. She had beauty. She had background. She had taste. She had Paris clothes, an apartment on the East River and a highly reassuring bank balance. By sheer hard work—and brains—she had acquired them all, including the beauty, the background and the taste.

All she had to start with was her intelligence. It was that which had made her realize that she could not afford to be content with the looks Nature had bestowed upon her. A plastic surgeon had done the rest.

Her inherent good sense had taken care of the background, too, and references to the convent in California and to summers with her aunt in Europe were so casually and skillfully fashioned that no one would have ever suspected that the first sixteen years of her life were spent in a little town in West Virginia, where she cooked and kept house for her widowed and indigent father.

And the taste which seemed so deep a part of her—which had caused one writer to call her “the flower of an old aristocracy”—that, too, was the re-

sult of wise and patient cultivation.

Her efforts had not gone unrewarded.

Thirty stories above Fifth Avenue, in an office of chromium and mirrors and blond woods, she presided in staggering affluence. A corps of assistants handled her correspondence with eager women in every state and even a few in Europe.

No list of outstanding women in America was complete without the name of Helen Alexander. She was interviewed regularly by the feature writers. Her face was familiar to readers of the Sunday supplements. A leading university had asked her to conduct a course for its women students.

Helen stood at her office windows and watched the dusk envelop Manhattan. She thought about the letters she had read that day, the replies she had dictated, the clients who had wanted to see her personally, the counsel she had given. For some of them she felt real sympathy, for others a carefully concealed disdain.

She thought about Tony, too, and realized that there was a good place to stop thinking. There seemed to be



nothing she could do about Tony. She regretted the quarrel they had had the night before. It was the worst one yet. It had been her fault, too, but there was a limit to her endurance. They had been married five years, but she did not understand him yet. She doubted that she ever would. Helen loved Tony madly and he loved her—in his way. But it was a way that included several other women as well.

"Of course," she would try to console herself, "I come first. The others don't *really* mean anything." But there was no escaping the fact that the others meant enough to take more of his time than he gave to her. They had not even dined together for a month.

At least he was honest about it. There was some dignity in his frankness. He might violate her pride, but he did not insult her intelligence as Bill, her first husband, had done by thinking that he could conduct an affair right under her nose without her knowing about it.

Helen would have preferred not to think about Bill. It had taken a long time to put him out of her mind and she had not succeeded entirely in doing so until Tony came along. She had loved Bill and she was grateful to him, too, for he had contributed sound, practical ideas to her business and had figured importantly, though inconspicuously, in its success.

Life with Bill had seemed too perfect to last and it did not last after she discovered that his interest in her was secondary to that which he felt in her

secretary, whom he married when Helen divorced him.

Helen had not intended to loose such a flood of recollections and she was glad to have her reverie broken by a reminder that she would have to leave the office earlier than usual. She was speaking that evening before the monthly meeting of the Young Professional Women's League. A previous engagement, she had lied, would prevent her dining with them. Thank God, she had escaped that! It would be bad enough answering the stupid questions of those shrill magpies and listening to their fatuous compliments.

"What a unique career!" they would say. "What an extraordinary person you are!" Helen smiled grimly. She was more extraordinary than they could possibly know.

The walk home through the frosty weather helped to lift her spirits. Perhaps Tony would be home for dinner. Of course, she knew she should not count upon it, especially after that dreadful scene last night. Nevertheless, she could not suppress a feeling of disappointment when Tillie, her maid, told her that Tony had already been home and dressed and gone out again.

After her thirty-fourth consecutive dinner alone Helen smoked a cigarette and planned what she would wear that evening. Something simple, of course. Extremely simple. It was never what people expected of her and she always enjoyed their frank surprise. It was good psychology, too.

Helen delivered her lecture, the

same one she had given so many times. She could say it in her sleep and, she thought, probably did. Then the questions—the same old questions. And the answers—the same old answers. And the women who wanted to meet her afterward and tell her that she was wonderful, fascinating, inspiring. It was a relief finally to get away from her audience.

She was glad to be home again. A bright fire bathed the living room in a friendly glow. Flowered chintz hung at the windows overlooking the river, and the mellow loveliness of the old pine paneling was accented by the colorful bindings of many carefully chosen and well read books. Yellow roses in pewter bowls mingled their scent with that of the crackling logs, and beside her favorite chair were Scotch, the latest magazines and Dinah, her coal-black spaniel.

Helen turned on the radio. A talk on currency. She had heard enough talking for one evening. On another station a throaty young woman was

sobbing a torch song. That was hardly the thing to lift one's morale. A turn of the dial brought a murder melodrama, and she shut the radio off. "Portrait of a lady," she said to herself, "trying to be amused."

In the bedroom Tillie had laid out a new chartreuse colored negligee, which Helen put on. It was a perfect foil for her creamy white skin and her dark red hair. She stood before a triple mirror and approved the effect.

"Damned if I can figure it out," she thought. "Helen Alexander—rich, famous, beautiful, this side of forty, with none of the things the advertisements warn against, yet about to have a nightcap in solitary splendor."

Then she returned to the living room, poured herself a drink and thumbed idly through a magazine. Her eyes fell on a familiar advertisement. "Are you charming?" it asked. "Do you know the secret of allure? Do you attract men? Are you able to hold them? If not, consult Helen Alexander." —EVAN E. STEGER, JR.

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 49-51

1. A	11. A	21. A	31. B	41. B
2. B	12. B	22. B	32. A	42. C
3. A	13. A	23. C	33. A	43. B
4. B	14. A	24. A	34. B	44. B
5. C	15. B	25. B	35. C	45. C
6. C	16. A	26. A	36. A	46. B
7. B	17. A	27. A	37. B	47. A
8. B	18. C	28. C	38. C	48. C
9. C	19. C	29. A	39. A	49. A
10. C	20. B	30. C	40. A	50. B

# THE DOG WHO COULD READ

THE QUAIN T AFFAIR OF FRIAR OSCAR;  
THE SAGACIOUS CANINE OF ROUGEMOUNT



AT THE time of which I write there had recently arrived within the ancient walls of the monastery at Rougemount a certain jolly monk who soon became more distinguished among his brethren for his pranks and practical joking than for his love of fasting and pious meditation.

It is of this fun-loving friar that I would tell you, and of the sinful deception which he practiced upon his brothers and the simple-minded peasants of the village of Rougemount; and of the dire retribution which finally overtook him because of his wicked deceptions.

Friar Ambrose, for such was the good man's name, prior to his residence at Rougemount, had lived for a time at the Hospice of St. Bernard and came to France accompanied by a small puppy of the breed first developed by the good brothers in the mountains. This puppy he called by the name of Oscar; and, sometimes when the Superior was not within hearing, Friar Oscar.

He was indeed a dog of such excellent countenance and noble demeanor that all who saw him were

deeply impressed. And, in addition to these other qualities, the dog possessed a sagacity far above the ordinary, and a repertoire of tricks which were truly astounding.

As for the jolly Friar Ambrose, he never grew weary of extolling the many virtues of Oscar. In particular did he delight in regaling his listeners with stirring tales of canine heroism and fortitude, losing no opportunity to praise the dogs who went out into blinding snow storms to send forth their full, deep-throated bays of encouragement and cheery promise of speedy succor to all who might be in distress.

The noble beast soon made friends with the other monks, and soon came to be accepted as one of them. He accompanied them to their devotions, sat with them during their silent meditations, and in other ways lived a life of chastity and holiness as rigorous and filled with self-denial as that of any friar in the monastery.

This then, was the situation one fine day when the good friars were having their midafternoon respite from their devotions in the high-walled

garden which surrounds the monastery.

By chance, one of the friars, having occasion to take leave of the others upon some errand not connected with religious reflection, left behind him on a garden bench an open book of prayers and devotions. A short time later, the brethren were summoned by Friar Ambrose who, feigning great surprise and amazement, pointed out to them the noble dog, who was stretched out full length upon the bench with the open book between his paws.

"Behold!" cried Friar Ambrose, while his fat paunch quaked with mirth, "the amazing ease with which this miraculous dog does read the printed word! Indeed, we are favored of the saints that they send us a beast of such great intelligence!"

Now, all this was but a prankish trick which the mischievous friar had evolved and taught to the faithful dog. Though some of the more worldly wise of the friars scoffed at the pretense and upbraided the fat one for his effrontery and lack of piety, there were others who crossed themselves in awe and thereafter treated the dog with great reverence.

And, you may be quite sure that the roguish friar, instead of dissipating the belief in his dog's incredible powers, upon the contrary, did all he could to enhance them.

Thereafter, the dog was often to be seen about the monastery with an open book between his paws, and up-

on his noble countenance a look of such superior intelligence that many who had at first doubted now became convinced of Oscar's supernatural wisdom.

Indeed, there were times when even Friar Ambrose, watching the dog's assumed air of rapt attention, became bemused with the notion that he was witnessing a miracle.

He took Oscar frequently on trips about the countryside and exhibited his unique talents to the stupid and superstitious peasants.

"Observe," he would say, "how this amazing dog does possess, in addition to his excellent countenance and unsurpassable physique, an intelligence far greater than *le bon Dieu* customarily bestows upon dogs! I swear to you, my friends, that he can read the Scriptures with greater understanding than many of the brethren!"

The fame of this amazing dog continued to spread about the countryside; and strangers sometimes made a journey of a day's length to gaze upon Oscar as he silently perused some book of his master's choosing, and to drop alms into the ever-present tin cup.

It came to be said of Oscar that the touch of his tongue would heal the infirmities of the flesh, and that the saliva which dripped from his mouth on hot days was more efficacious than holy water. The tin cup was now often brought back to the monastery heaped up with coins.

Then it chanced that a young man

of the village of Rougemount, the personable son of a wealthy vintner, was sent to Paris to transact some business for his ailing and infirm father. Immediately upon his return to the village, he presented himself at the gate of the monastery and requested an audience with Friar Ambrose.

This being granted, he was escorted into the house of the celibates, and finally into the presence of the most celibate of them all, Friar Ambrose and Friar Oscar.

"And how is it in Paris?" asked Friar Ambrose.

"Terrible!" cried M. Gaspard, for that was the young man's name. "The city is like an oven in Hades! Even the horses and domestic animals are dying by the hundreds! The papers tell of household pets perishing from exposure to the murderous sun. But enough! It is not to speak of the abominable weather in Paris that I have sought you out so soon after my return. No, my friend, it is to inform you that I have done what your seemingly modesty has prevented you from doing. You will thank me for this, Friar Ambrose!"

"Indeed?" said the friar. "And what—"

"Yes indeed! Already your name is known in Paris. And as for Oscar—I doubt not that he will be made a saint!"

"But how is this?" demanded Friar Ambrose in some alarm. "Tell me, what have you done in Paris?"

"Done? Ah, that is soon told, my good friend! I have gone to the learned men of the Academy with the story of this miraculous dog. I have told the learned professors of his devotion, chastity and understanding, and I have prevailed upon them to send a committee to Rougemount that they may learn for themselves whether I speak the truth—"

"You have done this?" demanded the much perturbed friar.

"Yes! And more! In order that you and Oscar might savor to the full the great honor which is about to befall upon you, I have brought with me a Parisian newspaper, giving the full details of the arrangements which the learned gentlemen of the Academy have made. You see, my friend? It is here! 'Story of Reading Dog To Be Investigated!' Are you not grateful to me for—"

"Grateful!" repeated the friar in rising choler, "Tell me quickly—when do they arrive?"

"Ah, you are impatient, then? This much I can tell you; they left Paris on the same day as I. It can be only a matter of hours—"

As may well be imagined, Friar Ambrose was anything but delighted at what this country bumpkin had accomplished in the city. He fell into a rage and struck the proffered newspaper from the hand of the astonished visitor. It fell between the outstretched paws of the dozing Oscar, who immediately rose to his haunches and began to scan the sheet as Friar Am-

brose had taught him to do. But neither of the men took heed of him.

"Wretch!" cried the unhappy friar. "With your meddling, you have undone me! Know you not that I will be in disgrace, branded as a charlatan? But no—I perceive you have not the wit to understand those things. Go now, and leave me to my prayers, of which I feel in sore need!"

True to the prophecy of M. Gaspard, the delegation of bearded savants sought entrance at the monastery gates before matins the following morning, and solemnly made known the purpose of their visit.

Friar Ambrose was summoned from the cell where he had spent a tortured, sleepless night, and dispatched after the miraculous dog. This hapless victim of his own duplicity went with heavy heart, knowing full well the dire consequences which would follow the exhibition. Had escape been possible, he would have attempted it, for any alternative seemed preferable to the disgrace which was about to fall on him. At the door to Oscar's bleak, cheerless quarters, he halted his dragging feet and called out dismally,

"Oh guiltless partner in my folly, come out and share in my disgrace!"

There was no answering bark from within the cell; no glad thump of the mighty tail upon the stone floor. Friar Ambrose called the dog by name and received no response. Then, forgetful of his own perturbation in his anxiety for the welfare of his faithful friend,

he stepped inside and looked about.

Friar Oscar was gone!

And the only clue to his departure was a large portion which had been carefully torn with fang and paw from the front page of the newspaper *M. Gaspard* had brought last night. The heavy-hearted friar picked the paper from the floor and looked at it sadly. Smudged upon the paper was a large imprint of Oscar's damp nose. And, directly above, bold black headlines proclaimed that

PARIS DOGS ARE DYING  
IN HEAT WAVE

In the days that followed, strange tales came back to the ancient monastery of a mighty dog of majestic aspect who loped unrestingly and unswervingly toward Paris with his nose held high in the air and venting full, deep-throated bays of encouragement and cheery promise of speedy succor to all who might be in distress.

And travelers from that distant city sometimes told of a magnificent Saint Bernard dog who was to be seen almost daily, strolling along the Champs Élysées, wearing upon his noble face a look of mingled compassion and infinite weariness. But only this much is certain; the dog who brought fame to the monastery at Rougemount was never again seen reading Scripture behind those ancient walls.

Friar Ambrose made his peace as best he might with the savants, and has taken an eternal vow never to teach another dog to read.

—NEIL MILLER



# THE MAN ST. PETER LIKED

THOSE FAVORED OF GOD ARE THOSE WHO  
PLANT AND NURTURE THE TREES HE MADE



NO MAN who plants a tree can be wholly bad.

Whoever he is, he has been host to the future in good faith. He is for Mankind. So, I think he will go to his Heaven wherever that is.

This man who plants a tree is the man who makes all the difference to tomorrow between the shiftless, hopeless town or home and the shaded, fruitful village and the happy home.

Trees planted or trees saved are the best proofs we have that man is not vile . . . nor wholly selfish.

Thirty years ago, my uncle planted a group of firs at Taliesin. They are now fifty feet tall—a mass of deep green, summer and winter. I look at them and take my hat off to him. They prove him to have been a man of quality . . . so much better than any headstone or any tale of his deeds.

As for "Heaven" I am sure Saint Peter at the Gate asks "Did the man plant a tree?" "Yes, your reverence." "Did the tree live?" "Yes, your holy eminence." A pause . . . "Ah" says the venerable Saint. "I had almost forgotten." And he would add another question—"Did he plant the tree in

a good place?" "Yes, your worship." "Then open the gate wide! Let the man come in and go where he pleases."

★ ★ ★

Were the answer "No" to the first question—"did the man plant a tree"—St. Peter would stand the man aside . . . outside . . . under suspicion . . . something must be wrong with him.

Were the answer "No" to the second question—"did the tree live"—St. Peter would say: "Too bad—good impulses but improvident . . . let the man sit down just inside the Gate . . . we will consider him. He probably neglected to water the tree."

Were the answer "No" to the last question—"did the man plant the tree in the right place"—St. Peter would sadly shake his wise old head and say "Never mind! Few do . . . it is enough that you now know you planted the tree in the wrong place." And the saintly gatekeeper would smile additional welcome.

Whoever plants a tree takes out insurance against Hell.

Nature will take care of him.  
He is her own Son.

—FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT



# THE LAST FRONTIER

CAPTAIN LEWIS WON HIS COUNTRY A NEW  
HORIZON BUT NEVER CONQUERED HIMSELF



THE woman had hurried to the stranger's room when she heard the report of the pistol. In the murky light before the October dawn, she bent over the tall man who had taken lodging in her cabin in the Tennessee mountains. Blood flowed from a gaping wound in his side and trickled across the uneven dirt floor. He writhed with pain and clutched convulsively behind his head at a stump that still stood rooted to the ground within the dwelling. "Oh, Lord!" he gasped as the woman daubed with a cloth at the jagged hole near his heart.

He died just as the sun rose behind the highlands to the east. "I am no coward, but I am so strong, so hard to die," was the last thing he said.

The man had not revealed his name, and nowhere in the room could the woman find the weapon that had killed him. A tattered knapsack leaned against the bedstead, and the woman hunted through it for some article that would identify the stranger whose life blood was a dark, sinister blotch drying in the dust of her cabin. She pulled out two or three frayed buckskin shirts and the picture of a stately

woman with a sharp and haughty face. In the bottom of the knapsack was a ledger, on the fly-leaf of which was written in a careful hand:

Meriwether Lewis,  
Albemarle, Virginia  
Captain, U. S. Army

A century and a quarter has passed since the Tennessee woman found the tall, rugged stranger dying on the floor of her mountain cabin, but his death is still one of the great mysteries of American history. Every schoolboy of the last one hundred years has thrilled to the story of the frontiersman who carried the flag to the Pacific and thus doubled the size of the Republic. To this day the Lewis and Clark expedition remains the most important exploration in the annals of the United States. On its failure or success depended whether the nation's western boundary would be the Missouri River or the distant ocean 2000 miles nearer the sunset. Yet the life and death of the expedition's leader are cloaked in tragedy and obscurity. No chronicler knows the origin of the bullet that killed Captain Meriwether Lewis. Mystery shrouds what

may have been the one love affair of his lonely life. Historians still speculate on why Thomas Jefferson, fortunately, selected this silent, neurotic army officer to head the major enterprise of his first term in the presidency.

Throughout the thirty-five years of his life, Meriwether Lewis was grim and despondent. He had few friends of either sex. As a young man on a submarginal Virginia farm, he spent most of his time wandering alone in the forests. The perils of the wilderness did not daunt him. Hostile Indians and British regulars he fought fearlessly; unexplored fastnesses he entered without hesitation. Yet he inherited from his father a tendency to hypochondria, and while he faced savage tomahawks and English rifles defiantly, the thought of illness quailed him. His life was largely passed in a shadow of dejection. He died a gruesome death in the desolate Tennessee hinterlands with his integrity and honor under suspicion. The incongruity of Lewis's career is that he lived thus tragically and cheerlessly despite a complete and sweeping success in the one great endeavor of his life.

There is ample historic evidence to support the belief that when Jefferson, soon after his election as president, asked Meriwether Lewis to be his private secretary he had more heroic plans for the young army captain than answering correspondence and filing papers. Nearly a generation before he became chief executive, Jefferson had dreamed of adding to the

United States the vast, unknown wilderness stretching westward to the Pacific Ocean. And at about that same time, as a lawyer in Albemarle County in Virginia, he had saved from bankruptcy the barren farm of the widow of William Lewis, and had met her son, Meriwether—a somber, morose lad with a sharp jaw and a stubborn will and a knowledge of woodcraft as expert as that of Indians.

For more than a decade Jefferson kept in touch with young Lewis. Even when he was ambassador to France, he did not forget the rangy lad whose home he had kept off the auction block. Jefferson had in mind a mission he expected Lewis to accomplish. The nature of that mission he first disclosed at a famous dinner in the presidential mansion shortly after Lewis became his secretary.

The guest of honor was John Messenger, the British Ambassador. To show his contempt for the representative of the King of England, Jefferson sat at the table in bedroom slippers. The President sardonically broke the constrained silence with a long, rambling discourse on the possibility of discovering mastodons and other prehistoric elephants in the wilds of North America.

Theodosia Burr Alston, the daughter of Vice-President Aaron Burr and the wife of a wealthy Carolina planter, was interested. "Wouldn't mastodons be handy for pulling carriages through the Washington mud!" she exclaimed.

Jefferson pointed a forefinger to-

ward his secretary. "Madam," he said, "there sits a young man who will eventually be able to tell you everything you need to know about mastodons."

The President's remark served a double purpose. It indicated he had a secret task for his secretary, and it aroused in Theodosia Alston, the belle of Washington society, an interest in Meriwether Lewis. Jefferson kept a stable of prize saddlehorses, and she asked the Captain if he would give her riding lessons. Theodosia proved an apt and coquettish pupil. She and Lewis rode along the trails near Washington with more and more frequency. One afternoon they were caught in a drenching April rain, and arrived back in the city wet and bedraggled.

They were met by Aaron Burr.

Charles Morrow Wilson, one of the biographers of Lewis, has related that the Vice-President looked at his daughter and her tall, silent escort, and said:

"Babes in the woods. If it hadn't been for the horses I'd have been having ideas."

But whatever the extent of the affection between Mrs. John Alston and Captain Meriwether Lewis—whether platonic or clandestine—it was broken off forever in 1803. Jefferson had stunned the nation by buying the vast Louisiana Purchase from Napoleon. England, too, claimed the territory and it would be possessed by the country which explored it first. An expedition would have to leave St. Louis, headed westward to the un-

charted plains and mountains that rolled away to the Pacific. The President realized that the leader of this perilous undertaking would have to be "of courage undaunted; possessing a firmness and perseverance of purpose which nothing but impossibility could divert from its direction."

For twenty years Jefferson had visioned the great fastnesses of the west under American dominion—and for nearly twenty years he had known the man with sufficient perseverance and indomitability to run the gauntlet of savage tribes, lofty mountains and limitless prairies and win through to the headwaters of the legendary Columbia River, which no person of white skin had ever seen.

By the light of an oil lamp, the President and his secretary bent over a map. Jefferson's voice was tense and strained. He gripped the Captain's shoulder. "Meriwether," he said, "I want you to get this for us." He pointed to the expanse of white space on the map. It stretched from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. What lay between, no man knew.

"I'll go," the Captain said.

Lewis and his friend, Lieutenant William Clark, and thirty-two buckskin-clad followers vanished into the wilderness, and with them went the hopes and political fate of the author of the Declaration of Independence. The Federalists were attacking Jefferson for sending thirty-four men to certain death. The President's foes called the expedition "a wicked scheme to

risk life and property in a search for the mysteries of the unknown and unknowable." It was prophesied throughout the nation that Lewis and his followers would never be seen again. Thousands of Americans even believed that ghosts, goblins and other supernatural creatures haunted the mountains of the west.

To face these dangers, real and unreal, the President had chosen his leader wisely. By sheer force of will, Lewis persuaded his men to risk their lives countless times. They crossed arid plains and climbed towering peaks. They forded turbulent rivers and tramped over snow-laden hills. They evaded or fought off hostile Indians. They were the first white men to look on almost every vista they saw. On several occasions they became hopelessly lost, and would have left their bones in the wilderness but for an Indian girl their interpreter had won from a half-breed in a gambling bout. Sacajawea knew the winding passes through the lofty ranges of the Rockies and the Cascades, and she guided Lewis and his frontiersmen to the Columbia River. They hewed canoes from trees that studded the shore and paddled down the great waterway.

One night Lewis thought he heard a dull roar in the distance. A few days later the Indian girl pointed a muscular, brown right arm. Lewis followed her gaze. And there, breaking in white-capped splendor beyond the bar, was the goal they had set out to

reach nearly two years before—the Pacific!

The somber Captain went along the beach and found a giant fir tree within sight of river and ocean. On it he carefully carved:

Meriwether Lewis,  
Albemarle, Virginia

By land from the U. States  
in 1804 & 5.

Lewis's task was fulfilled. He had beaten the Hudson's Bay Company, carrying the Union Jack, to the valley of the Columbia. He had established the claim of the United States to the Louisiana Purchase, and the name of the Republic would be written on the vast blank space on the map in the President's study.

With his mission accomplished, Lewis lapsed again into his old spells of melancholy. He would sit for hours on a rugged promontory, staring out at the wild breakers of the Pacific. At times he imagined he was going crazy, and he brooded over the knowledge that there had been insanity in his father's family. He was in the midst of one of his most pernicious periods of dejection when he led the triumphant expedition back into St. Louis in the autumn of 1806. Jefferson received him with "unspeakable joy" and a commission to be Governor of the Louisiana Territory. Lewis saw Theodosia Alston at the trial of her father before Chief Justice Marshall on charges of treason, but whatever affection there had been between them was gone. They were as strangers.

"Good night, Governor, until we meet again," Theodosia had said at parting.

"We will never meet again," Lewis said.

Lewis returned to a lonely life as Governor of the Territory he had added to the Union. He brooded continually. He was subject to alternate chills and fever and he grew thin and wasted. The office was managed carelessly, and when Jefferson retired to Monticello in 1809, the new Administration of James Madison questioned Lewis's financial reports. The basis of the complaint was trivial—and later found to have no foundation in fact—but the Governor was crushed and humiliated. He determined to go to Washington from St. Louis to clear his name. He set out on horseback in the autumn of 1809.

The Governor was accompanied to the capital by Major John Neely of the U. S. Army. One afternoon in the uplands of Tennessee a storm caught the travelers. Several of the pack-horses carrying the ledgers that later cleared Lewis's name broke loose. Neely rode back to lasso them. The Governor cantered on ahead to find lodging for the night. He came to the wayside cabin of John Griner and his wife. Griner was away and Mrs. Griner gave Lewis a room. He did not tell her who he was. Major Neely did not arrive that night, and in the hours just before the dawn Mrs. Griner heard the report of a pistol. She hurried to the room of her guest

and found Lewis dying on the dirt floor.

Jefferson was shocked by the news of the Governor's death, and always believed that Lewis had committed suicide. He attributed the deed to one of his friend's frequent spells of hypochondria. But Mrs. Griner had not found the weapon that killed her lodger, and to this day people in Hickman County, Tennessee, believe that the conqueror of the west was slain by another hand that stormy night so many years ago.

Yet all indications and proof support the belief of Jefferson. One story, noted in the *History of Hickman County*, states that Mrs. Griner bent over the dying man and asked, "Why in the world did you do this?"

"They were telling lies and trying to ruin me," Lewis said.

What actually occurred in the rude old cabin of the Griners that rainy autumn night is a mystery locked forever in the vaults of the past. But it is probable that the harrassed and neurotic man who crossed an uncharted continent and extended American dominion to the Pacific took his own life, that he who had braved the wilderness decided it was best to retreat before the pitfalls of mental illness.

Meriwether Lewis lies buried today out on the old Natchez Trace in Tennessee. He sleeps forever where he met his gloomy death. At night the wind roars through the trees like the Pacific crashing on a distant shore 3000 miles away. —RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

## TIME MARCHES ON IN TWELFTH ST.

IT TAKES A BRAVE SOUL TO ASK A CERTAIN  
QUESTION OF AN URBAN PHONE OPERATOR



MR. HERBERT LARRUP turned over on his left side, opened his eyes to the semi-darkness, rubbed an ear and found himself wide-awake. "Can't you sleep, dear?" Mrs. Larrup whispered, beside him. "No, can you?" he mumbled. Mrs. Larrup squirmed in a half-way stretch. "I'm wide-awake. What time is it anyway?"

He peered toward the illumined face of the clock on the dresser. "Looks like ten after five," he said.

"Funny," said Mrs. Larrup. "We got to bed about three. I certainly feel more rested than if I'd slept only a couple of hours. The clock must have stopped."

Mr. Larrup grunted, slid out from beneath the covers, paddled in his slippers to the dresser. He picked up the clock, stared at it, held it to his ear. "Ten after five all right—we'd better go back to sleep."

Not until he had again pulled the blanket over him did Mrs. Larrup venture uncertainly, "Herbert, do you think maybe it's ten after five in the afternoon? I mean, maybe it's Sunday evening . . ."

"You're crazy," said Mr. Larrup,

sitting up in astonishment. Mrs. Larrup lit the lamp and they sat staring at each other. "You're crazy," Mr. Larrup, repeated in an alarmed voice. "I've never slept fourteen hours at a stretch in my life."

"Well, I've a feeling you did this time," insisted Mrs. Larrup.

"I refuse to believe it," said Mr. Larrup, and he pulled on a bathrobe, went to the window. "Lamp-post on the corner is still lit," he reported triumphantly, but Mrs. Larrup, slipping into a negligee, giggled, "It might just have been lit for the evening—days come short in winter."

It happened to be that border-line wintry hour before dawn or just as evening has set it—which it was, they couldn't tell. They looked at each other, went into paroxysms of laughter, then sobered up. "Just a minute," said Mrs. Larrup, and went to the front door, opened it a few inches, took in a bottle of milk. "There you are," she said, holding up the bottle, "it's been there since morning." He nodded, "Or else the milkman just put it there." "And the lights in the hall are on," she pointed out,



but it didn't convince him. "They're usually on all night, aren't they?"

Mr. Larrup's brow took on some lines of worry as grimly he began to pace the living room. Mrs. Larrup jumped to the telephone, dialed Meridian 7-1212, donned a Lynn Fontanne-ish smile of satisfaction. A diluted voice announced, "When you hear the signal the time will be five twenty-two and one-quarter," and a bell-like pl-u-n-k followed. Mrs. Larrup said sharply. "Operator—operator—is it a.m. or p.m.?" But all she heard was, "When you hear the signal the time will be five twenty-two and one-half." She went half-through an elaborate vilification of the genus *telephone operator*, then suddenly put on the brakes; her husband was doubled up in mirth. "Didn't you know," he managed to gasp, "that you don't speak to anyone when you ask for the time? It's automatic—some sort of record which keeps going."

Mrs. Larrup coldly inquired how she should know that, and plumped into a seat. They eyed each other silently for a few seconds. Mr. Larrup thought they might ask Pete, the elevator boy—or Johnny, if it was the day shift—but they quickly abandoned the idea. They'd be the laughing-stock of the building—imagine, those Larrups are so dizzy they didn't know what day it was.

"We could call the New York Times," suggested Mr. Larrup.

"And land on the front page," vetoed Mrs. Larrup. "No, thank you."

They signed, grinned at each other.

"This is getting really serious," declared Mr. Larrup in his best philosophical manner. "Symbolic of life in New York . . . world is too much with us late and soon, getting and spending we lay waste to our hours."

Pausing for a fresh diatribe, he abruptly got to his feet. "By God! It's impossible that we can't—" And his glance caught the telephone. Mrs. Larrup giggled, "If you want to hear the record they play, I warn you it hasn't any music."

He frowned, held up his hand for silence, dug his forefinger into the notch marked "OPERATOR" and turned it.

Slowly, in precise accents, he said, "My dear young lady, I'm going to ask you a simple question. Don't be frightened. You'll probably think I'm either kidding or insane. I'm neither. Please believe me. All I want to know is this: is it five thirty *a.m.* or five thirty *p.m.*—is it Sunday morning or is it Sunday evening. *Now*, I mean.

There was a silence for a long moment and then the operator's restrained voice: "It is *p.m.*, sir."

"Sunday evening?"

"Yes, sir. Sunday evening."

"Thank you very much," said Mr. Larrup.

"You are welcome," said the operator.

They dressed and went around the corner to Mario's for orange-juice and dinner.

—THEODORE IRWIN





BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

### BRITISH IRON AGE ENAMELS

Some nineteen hundred years ago a fair-haired Celtish warrior lost his shield in the Thames at a place near what is now Battersea, London. Retrieved from the river, the Battersea Shield, shown above, is regarded as the finest example of early British craftsmanship.

DECEMBER, 1937



#### ENAMELED BRIDLE-BIT

The accoutrements of the Celts at the dawn of the Christian Era are vivid reminders of a proud race. The modern Briton likes to think that, submerged though they were in successive waves of conquering invaders, the spirit of his Celtic forerunners still survives.



#### BRONZE WITH SUNK ENAMEL

Carefully catalogued museum pieces now, these relics yet have power to summon up a picture of a stalwart charioteer, his enamel-studded shield glinting in the sun, his steed's harness jingling with bronze ornaments—a splendid barbarian whose least trapping was a work of art.

DECEMBER, 1937



#### ENAMELED BRONZE TRAPPINGS

Conquest could never tame the fiery spirit of the Celts. Poseidonius tells how his hosts, seated on heaps of straw, tore their meat like lions, and how the meal was sometimes interrupted by a quarrel, when the disputants sprang to their feet and fought until one was slain.



BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

#### ENAMELED BRONZE ARMLETS

These massive armlets, weighing almost four pounds each, were found in 1837 in Perthshire, Scotland. Their close resemblance to an armlet found in Ireland attests to the kindred nature of the crafts of bronze-casting and enameling among the Celts of the British Isles.

DECEMBER, 1937

# MADONNAS AS MOTHERS

PARADOX OF THE CLASSIC MADONNA IS THAT THE MORE IT WAS HUMAN THE MORE IT WAS DIVINE



ANTONIO ALLEGRI DA CORREGGIO, though scarcely approaching the fame of such contemporaries as Raphael, had always been much more buoyant in his painting than most rivals. Yet in his earlier years he turned out his full quota of formalized compositions, crowded with figures, and it was not until after his marriage in 1520 that he quite succeeded in transposing to canvas any such genuine feeling as marks his Madonna and Child on page 108.

This is significant. Not because it seems to recommend marriage as a corrective for stuffy painting, but because it affords a reasonably penetrating insight into the place of the Madonna subject in classic art.

The Madonna was always the loftiest theme of religious devotion. But many a portrayal sounded that theme and was still nothing more than a mere stylized decoration. Above this primary meaning, however, there could be a vital overtone, for the Madonna, as *the* universal prototype of the instinct of maternal love, was also a potentially eloquent human symbol. And it is no disparagement of

the sanctity of these paintings, but rather a tribute, to say that to the extent they have captured this overtone they are great art. Nor could they otherwise have served religion.

When you get to page 108 you will see a Child that is a living child extending an unruly arm toward some coveted object and a Madonna that is a living mother smilingly arresting the infant's hand. In Correggio's case it was presumably marriage that sensitized him to the human overtone he captured here, with other painters the catalyzing agent might have been something else, and of course some old masters were born sensitive.

But regardless, the difference between Correggio insensitive and Correggio sensitive is, roughly, the difference between his stilted Madonnas painted before his marriage (or Borgognone's painting opposite) and his Uffizi Madonna or the one included here. And it is this saving difference that gives point to any attempt to understand and evaluate the Madonna of classic art—or for that matter the Madonna of contemporary art, though the subject now goes by a different name.



THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

### THE MADONNA OF THE CLOISTER

Ambrogio Borgognone (1445-1523) lived for some time in a convent and his painting suggests the sentiment of the cloister. Another characteristic, apparent in the above work, is a feeling of verticality, following the straight-lined structure of Gothic glass painting.





KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA

### THE MADONNA ENTHRONED

The civilizing influence of the Church was subtly exerted when rude peasants knelt before such altarpieces as this one by Roger van der Weyden (c.1400-1464). It was their First Primer, and their only one, teaching the sacredness of motherhood and respect for women.

CORONET



THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

### THE MADONNA IN LANDSCAPE

Pietro Perugino (c.1450-1524) was one of the first masters to reinforce the feeling of his figures with a landscape background of harmonious sentiment, as in his *Madonna and Child with St. John*, above. His paintings were endowed with a mystic aura of joyful sadness.

DECEMBER, 1937



THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

### THE MATERNAL MADONNA

Where Raphael conveyed a tranquil joy, where Perugino was bitter-sweet, Correggio (1494-1534), whose *La Vierge au Panier* is seen above, expressed an overflowing gladness. He was a master of the full-bodied modeling of figures and of the delicate rendering of flesh tones.



KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA

### THE GEMÜTLICH MADONNA

It is not by chance that this Madonna by Albrecht Dürer (1471-1526) is a pure German type, any more indeed than that Raphael's Madonnas are Italian or Murillo's are Spanish. Religious concepts are international but the masses could grasp them only in terms of the national.

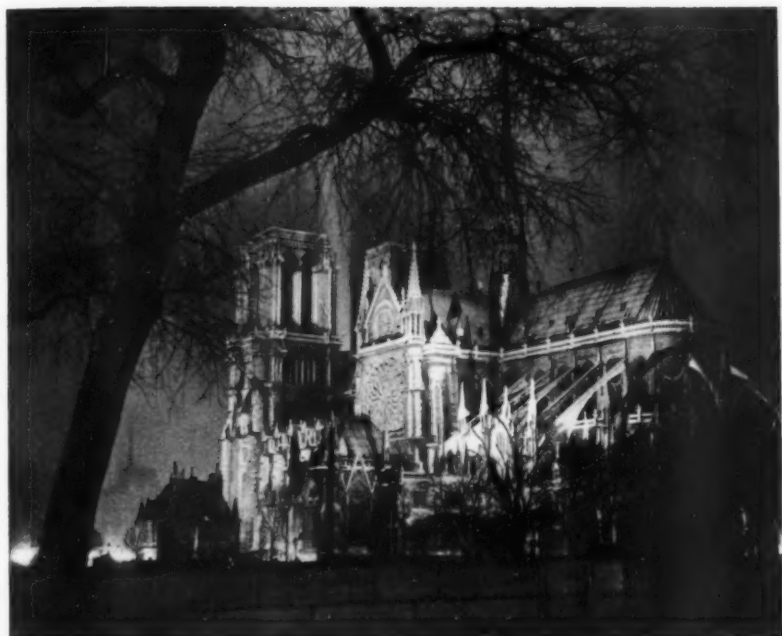
DECEMBER, 1937



THE LOUVRE, PARIS

### THE PASTORAL MADONNA

So frequently does a pervasive love of natural scenery manifest itself in the works of Titian (c.1477-1576) that it was almost inevitable his *La Vierge au Lapin* should be a charming pastoral as well as a strongly affirmative, majestic representation of the Madonna.



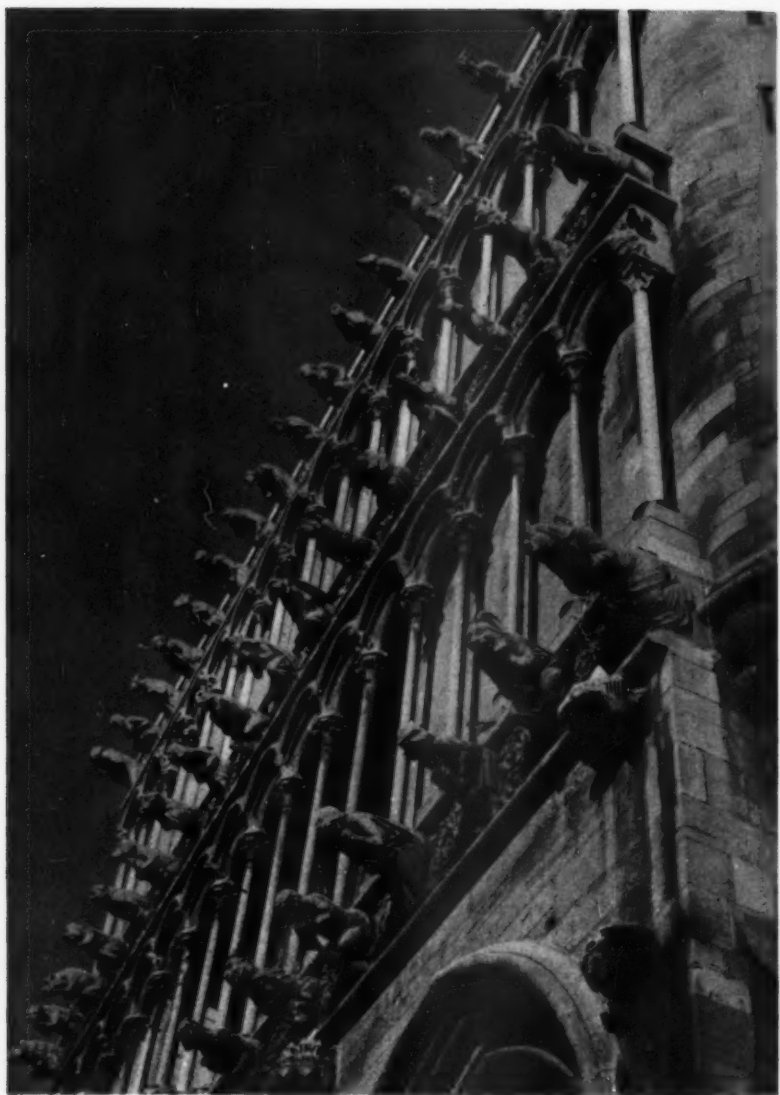
BRASSAI

PARIS

# *Cathedrals*

*A Series of Eight Photographs  
Celebrating the Season of Peace on Earth  
to Men of Good Will*

DECEMBER, 1937



BRASSAI

PARIS

## GARGOYLES OF DIJON

CORONET

112



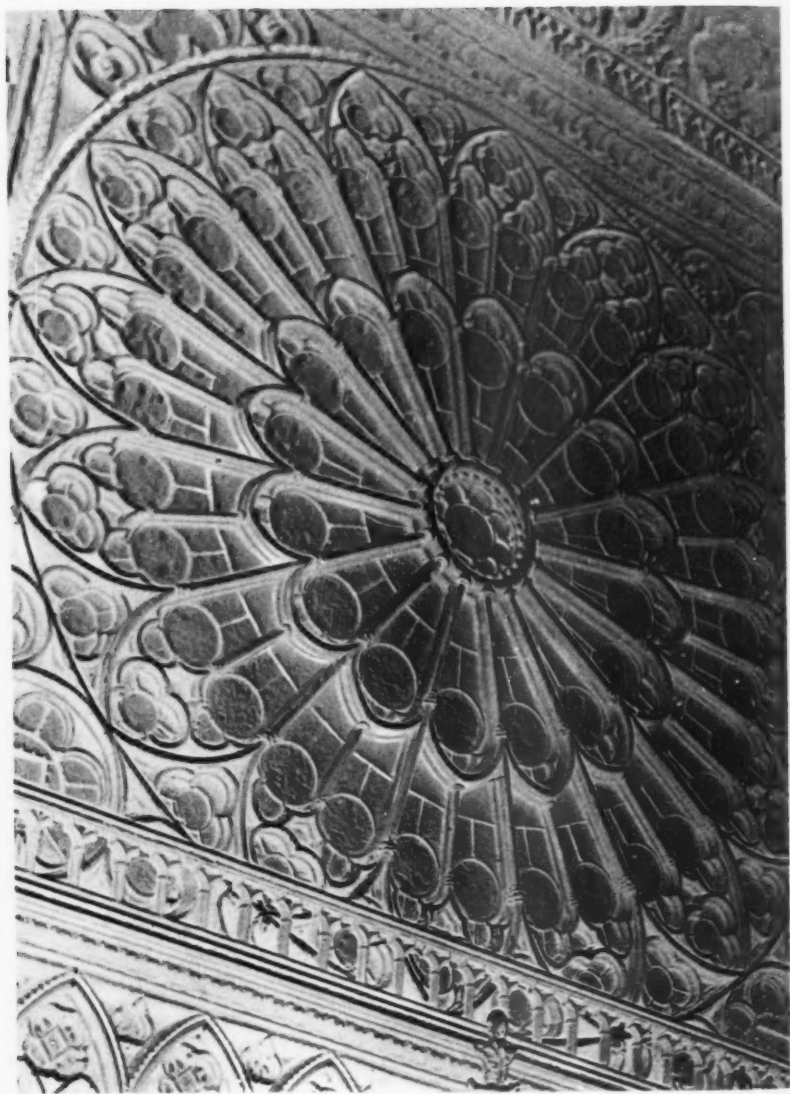


STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

NEW WORLD CATHEDRAL

DECEMBER, 1937

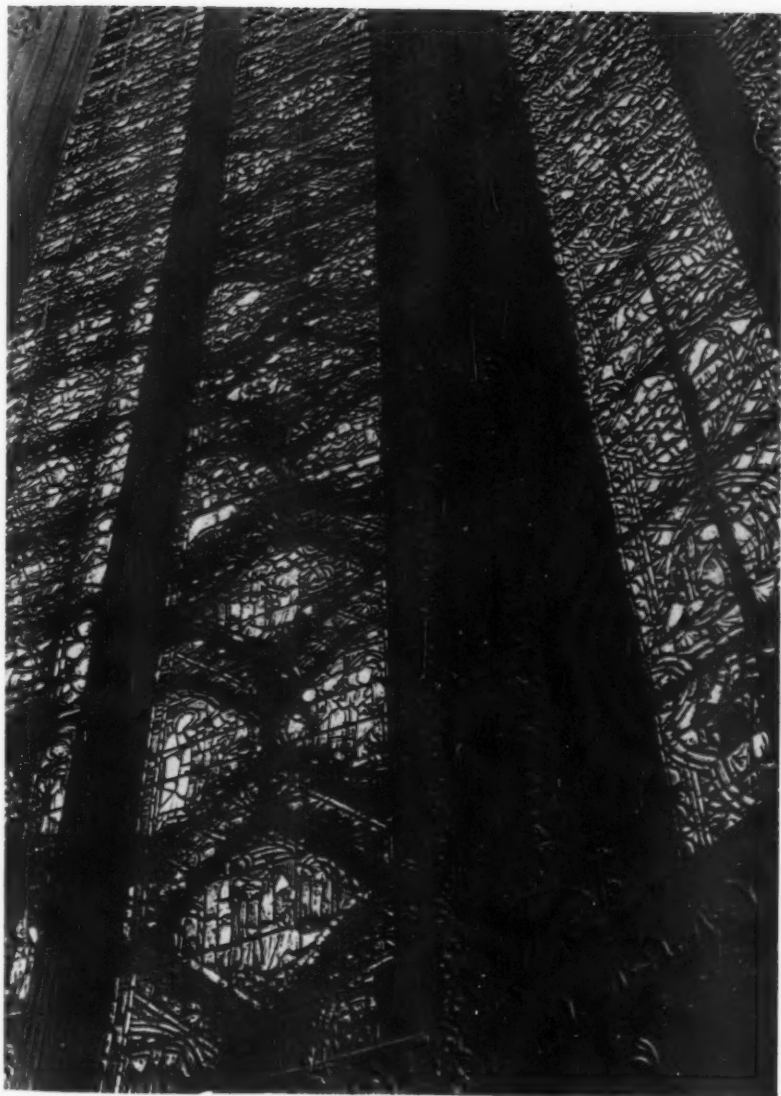


ERWIN BLUMENFELD

PARIS

# ROSACE OF NOTRE DAME

CORONET

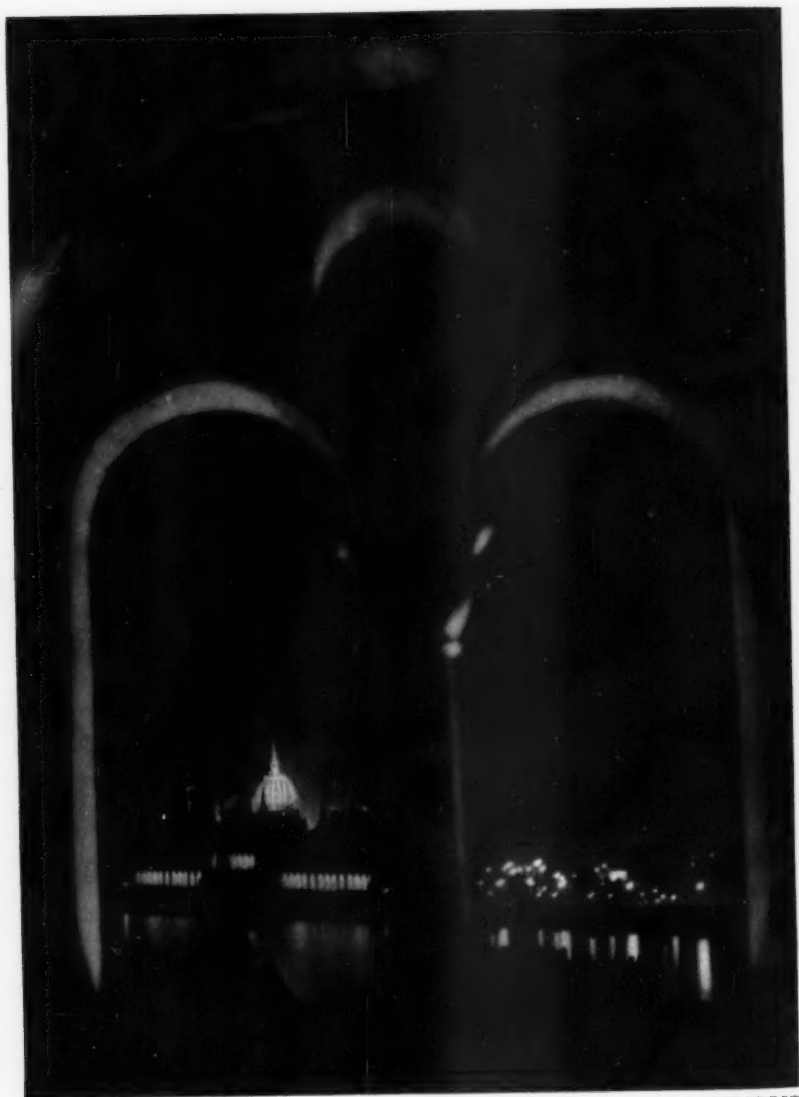


ERWIN BLUMENFELD

PARIS

LA SAINTE CHAPELLE

DECEMBER, 1937



ERNÖ VADAS

BUDAPEST

FROM THE HILLS OF BUDA

CORONET



BRASSAI

PARIS

RECESSIONAL AT AMIENS

DECEMBER, 1937



## TALKING PICTURES

ABOUT BRASSAÏ, WHO TELLS THE TRUTH AND  
NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH—AND MAKES IT SING



AS YOU start to leaf through this issue's batch of photographs the name of Brassaï pops out with startling regularity. You will be inclined to label this the Brassaï number until you become aware that the name graciously yields to others as you pass beyond the preceding Portfolio and the following Composition group in which he scores heaviest. But when the last page is turned there will still be a grand total of eleven Brassaï prints.

Obviously, this man must have something on the bulb to compete so successfully against the world's best photographers. ("World's best" sounds conceited but is true, though it still may be conceited.) He must know more tricks of his trade than half of the other photographers combined. He must be a master of posing and of the dubious art of retouching. He must, finally, be a Katzenjammer at getting into unusual situations and a Houdini at getting out of them with his negatives intact.

That much is obvious. So obvious, of course, as to be utterly ridiculous. Ingenious stunts and rare subjects have nothing to do with it. We chal-

lenge any photographer whose margin of superiority is the measure of his bump of ingenuity to get eleven—or even three—photographs in any single issue. He might place one or two by virtue of some inspired, if specious, device; but where a few tricky photographs would be cute in the best sense of the word, a platoon of them would be cute in the worst sense.

No, what is really obvious is that Brassaï rings the bell with varying degrees of loudness in every issue not because he is a stunt photographer but because he is the exact antithesis of one. He is abnormal only in the rare normality of his vision. We hold no brief against beautiful liars but Brassaï tells the simple truth so eloquently that he would be foolish to resort to trickery. Where others sickly their vision over with the pale cast of thought, Brassaï is all eye. You can number on your own and your brother's fingers the living artists who are capable of seeing—and portraying—the world as it is. And we ordinary mortals can't even tell a hawk from a handsaw until a Brassaï comes along and makes it crystal clear. —B. G.





BRASSAI

PARIS

EVENING IN PARIS

CORONET

120



HANS BAUMGARTNER

PARIS

POTLUCK

DECEMBER, 1937



BRASSAI

PARIS

FIREWORKS OVER THE SEINE

CORONET

122



BRASSAI

PARIS

FIREWORKS OVER THE EIFFEL TOWER

DECEMBER, 1937



BRASSAI

PARIS

RAIN

CORONET

124



BRASSAI

PARIS

FOG

DECEMBER, 1937

125



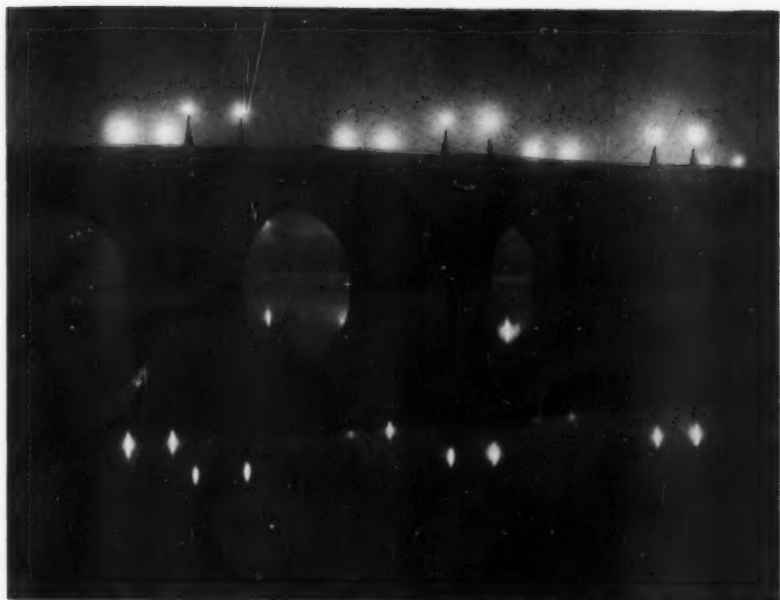
RÉVÉSZ-BIRÓ

BUDAPEST

THE BALCONY

CORONET





BRASSAÏ

PARIS

PONT NEUF

DECEMBER, 1937



DR. CSÖRGEŐ

BUDAPEST

## A TIME FOR JOY

CORONET



BRUNIUS

PARIS

A TIME FOR SORROW

DECEMBER, 1937



ANDRÉ STEINER

PARIS

DISILLUSION

CORONET

130



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

INDUSTRY

DECEMBER, 1937



DR. IVO FRELIH

LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA

# WAGON PATH

CORONET



KÁROLY KLETZ

MISKOLC, HUNGARY

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

DECEMBER, 1937





E. J. WOODS

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

MADONNA IN PLASTIC

CORONET



STEPHEN DEUTCH, CHICAGO



DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

## ARRESTED MOTION

CORONET

136



DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

PRACTICE STEP

DECEMBER, 1937



DON SELCHOW

NEW YORK

PENUMBRA

CORONET



LAURENCE GUETHOFF

CHICAGO

POUPÉE

DECEMBER, 1937



ERWIN BLUMENFELD

PARIS

PLATINUM

CORONET

140





TANNENWALD

PARIS

FAITHFUL SHADOW

DECEMBER, 1937



NELL DORR

NEW YORK

MOUNTAIN MORNING

CORONET



ZUCCA

PARIS

WEARY

DECEMBER, 1937



DR. ZALTÁN ZAJKY

BUDAPEST

GLEAM

CORONET

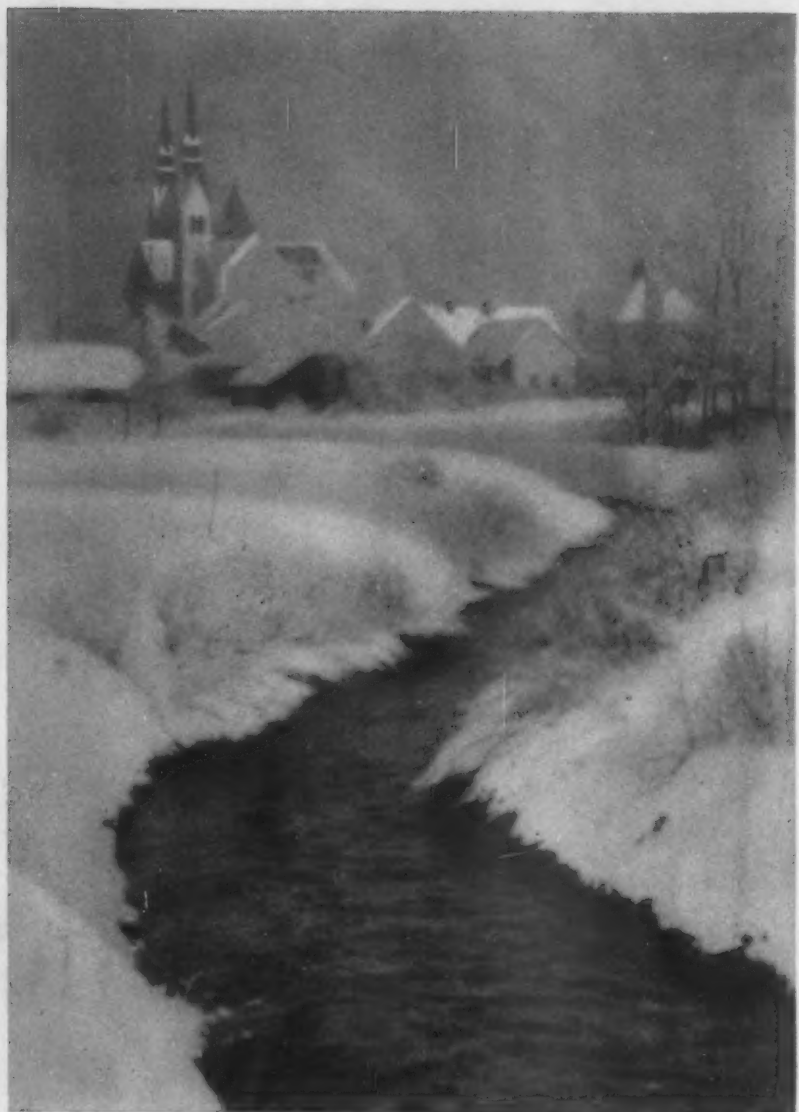


LÁSZLÓ HORVÁTH

BUDAPEST

SPARKLE

DECEMBER, 1937



MICHELI LUJO

LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA

# WHITE CHRISTMAS

CORONET



H. W. WAGNER

WORCESTER, MASS

INTIMATION OF SPRING

DECEMBER, 1937





ANTE KORNIČ

LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA

SKIS

CORONET

150



ELISABETH HASE

FROM EUROPEAN

SKATES

DECEMBER



NELL DORR

NEW YORK

ISHMAEL

CORONET

152



HEINZ VON PERCKHAMMER

FROM EUROPEAN

PATRIARCH

DECEMBER, 1937



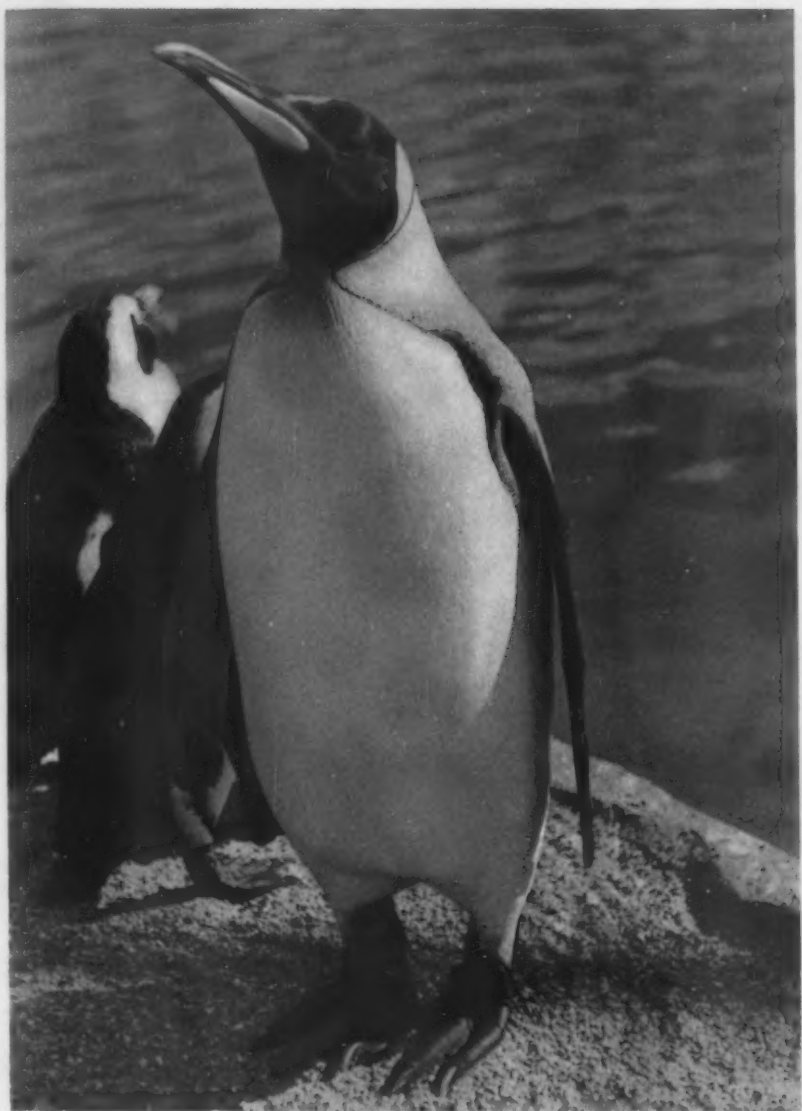
ANDRÉ STEINER

PARIS

SPONGE

CORONET

154



ANDRÉ STEINER

PARIS

## STUFFED SHIRT

DECEMBER, 1937



ANDRÉ STEINER

PARIS

SUSPICION

CORONET

156





MARCEL ARTHAUD

PARIS

TRUST

DECEMBER, 1937



JOHN CAMPBELL, RUGBY, ENGLAND



ANTE KORNIČ

LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA

CARPATHIAN SHRINE

DECEMBER, 1937



L. HOLLÁN

BUDAPEST

HOPE ETERNAL

CORONET

160



ERNŐ VADAS

BUDAPEST

TWILIGHT OF DESPAIR

DECEMBER, 1937



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

CORONET



ERNŐ VADAS

BUDAPEST

PLEASE!

DECEMBER, 1937





LLOYD G. MILLER

LA CROSSE, WIS.

SING TIDINGS . . .

CORONET



WILLEM VAN DE POLL

PARIS

... OF COMFORT AND JOY .

DECEMBER, 1937



GYULA RAMHAB

BUDAPEST

FESTIVE HEADDRESS

CORONET

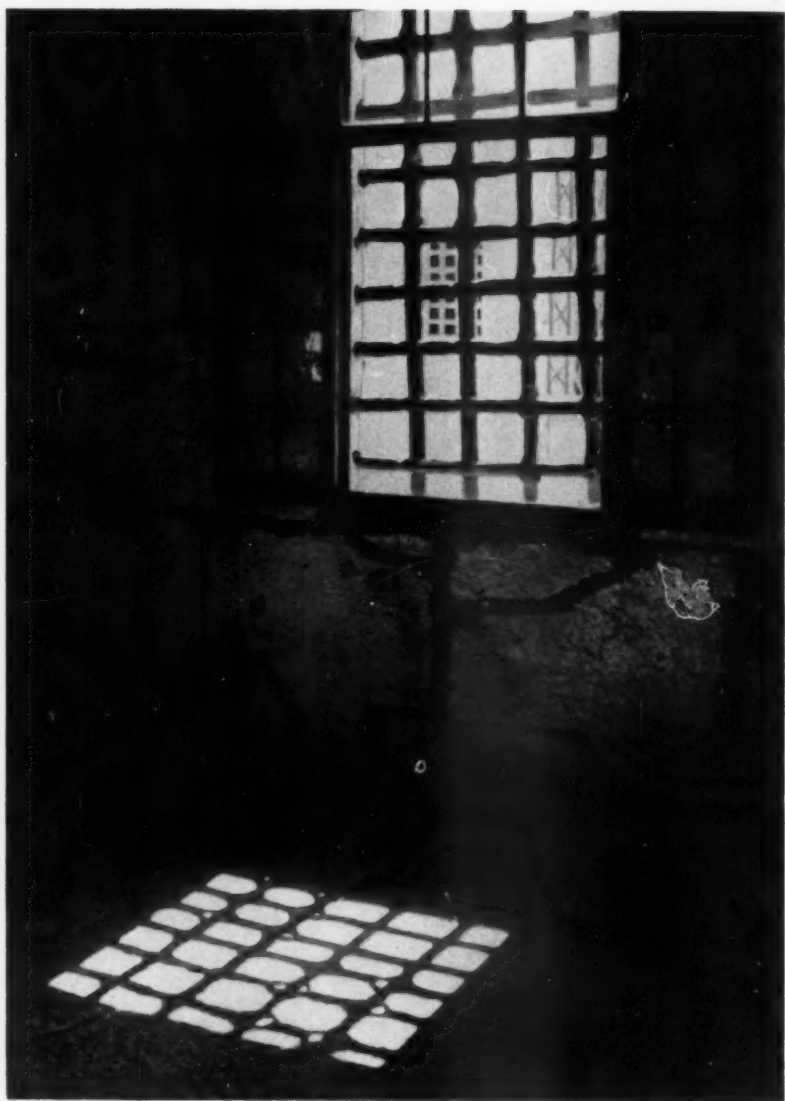


MIHÁLY EKE

BUDAPEST

TURANIAN SHEPHERD

DECEMBER, 1937



MAURICE BERNARD

PARIS

PRISON SUNSHINE

CORONET

168



DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS SERVICE

DECEMBER, 1937



FÉHER

FROM BLACK STAR

## BURIAL AT SEA

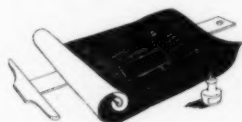
CORONET

170



## MASTER-BUILDER

CONCERNING FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT.  
STORMY PETREL OF ARCHITECTURE



THE fame of Frank Lloyd Wright has become so legendary that people think he must be dead. At sixty-eight, he has production going full blast. For the world seems finally to be giving him a chance to live his life and do his work in the creative manner of his own design. The master of thrice-built Taliesin, who has more reason for bitterness than any living American artist, seems utterly without rancor; he seems to be pouring forth a stream of energy refined through a life of vicissitudes that must have burned out everything but the pure gold.

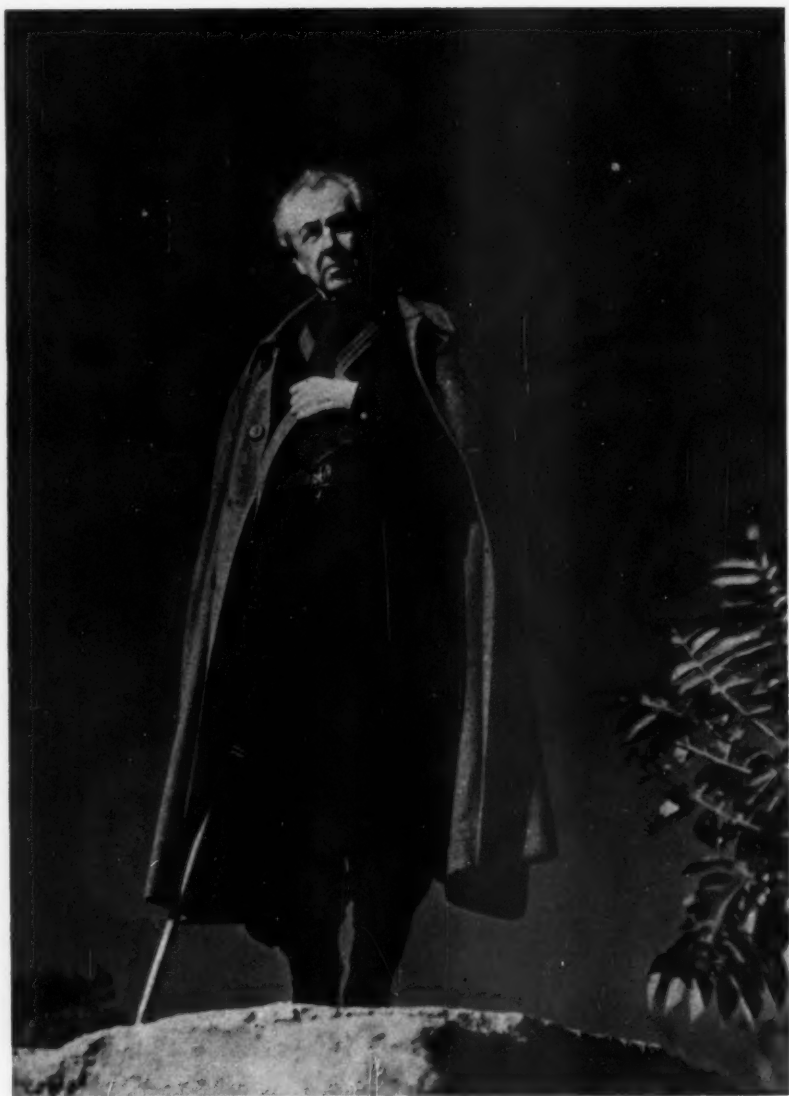
Eight new buildings, scattered over the country, and each with a strikingly original solution of a tough architectural problem, are growing up created by him and under his supervision. For a Wright building does not "go up," it grows. One house is slung across a waterfall. There is an office building, without conventional windows or doors. And for that building he has tossed off an invention in architectural engineering which leaves the skeptics as flabbergasted as they were when his "crazy"

floating foundation held the Imperial Hotel of Tokio upright through two earthquakes. Even the company whose cement he used declared that his startling new type of pencil-fine mushroom pillars would not support the required load. So the master-builder showed them—but of that, later.

An upright, active figure, garbed in dark blue loose trousers tied around the ankles, a storm shirt, his face at once kindly and wry under the blazing white arc of his hair, if Frank Lloyd Wright plays the prophet and patriarch at Taliesin it is with a singularly American touch of humor, candor.

Some thirty apprentices, all volunteers, have surrounded him, forming the Taliesin Fellowship. Mr. Wright has designed a life with them that is constructive action. If it seems superficially to have a touch of cultism, this vanishes when one realizes everyone in the place has a sense of humor, in other words a sense of proportion, and when one sees what is being accomplished.

Wright's Taliesin today is noted not only as the residence of America's



FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, PROPHET

CORONET



### "BROADACRE CITY"—A DESIGN FOR CIVILIZATION

master-architect; his home happens to be a master's masterpiece. The name, in Wright's ancestral Welsh, means "shining brow." Perhaps the tragic scourgings and burnings that have taken place on that hill were a crucible for the beautiful form that has emerged; sculptures plucked fire-hot from the ashes of the second burning are imbedded in the walls today; and the entire edifice, with its transcending note of firm calm, seems to sing the triumph of a young-spirited Job.

It is a masterpiece well worked-over. Before the building of Taliesin III, Wright made a series of forty designs to educate himself. The work-

men never saw them. There is nothing tricky, nothing spectacular about the place. One scarcely notices it from the road at the bottom of the hill, as Taliesin is a perfect example of Wright's thesis of harmony between buildings and terrain. The form of the construction becomes part of the landscape.

The five hills of his home-place were farmed by his grandsire and uncles; "man-sized hills," he calls them, for they are in man's proportion, no mild hills, yet hills man can "do something with." In places, one sees the red-yellow stone bared, and it is from such a quarry, a mile distant, that Taliesin stone came. The



#### EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITY AT TALIESIN

masonry courses suggest the natural strata of stone in the hillside.

Any minor architect would have stuck the group of buildings smack on top of the hill. That's what they do around the hills of Hollywood, Wright remarks. His place curls snugly to the ground just below the hilltop; one cannot help comparing it to a wreath upon a brow.

In one wing of the U-group are workshops, kitchens, dining halls, and rooms for the apprentices. Each apprentice room is a little masterpiece of built-shelving, built-in furniture, fireplace, an expansive drawing-board, a couch. Natural colored woods, bright walls.

The open part of the U is a garden courtyard, with its little pools in which a grandchild's bluesailed toy-boats float. The courtyard mounts to a viewplace on the hill, the stone so skillfully used here that one can't tell whether it was placed there, or grew there. On a great circular stone bench of a warm afternoon, Mrs. Wright, who leads the Fellowship with her husband, and a group of apprentices, I found sitting, shelling home-grown lima-beans. The base of the U, seen below, connecting apprentice-wing with master-wing, consists of studio and drafting rooms.

On the next hill to the south is the old stone windmill tower, Romeo and



#### SUNDAY IS PICNIC DAY

Juliet, built by the architect for his aunts, some forty years ago. And that was the first time he came into conflict with contractors who assured him his building wouldn't stand. Further down is the building of his aunts' Hillside Home School, which he has turned into a little theatre. This connects with a new structure, a vast seventy-board drafting room. Outside, a stone tablet is inscribed, Hillside Home School, 1886. Taliesin Fellowship, 1932.

Within this scene, the Fellowship lives; and the creation of the Fellowship is as important to Mr. Wright and Mrs. Wright as the creation of buildings. For here they are designing

an entire way of life. The first impression is of a life drenched in music. Upon entering the Taliesin courtyard, one fancies himself in some wilderness conservatory; pianos on the left, a cello in the workrooms, sounds of a harpsichord from the master's house. Oratorios, concertos, symphony recordings pouring from loudspeakers within the buildings and one mounted on the tower overlooking the hill-garden.

In every room there seems to be a grand piano; one even stumbles onto a grand piano in a tiny balcony over the drafting room; an apprentice remarks, with a twinkle, "Oh, yes, we may have them in the bathrooms too."



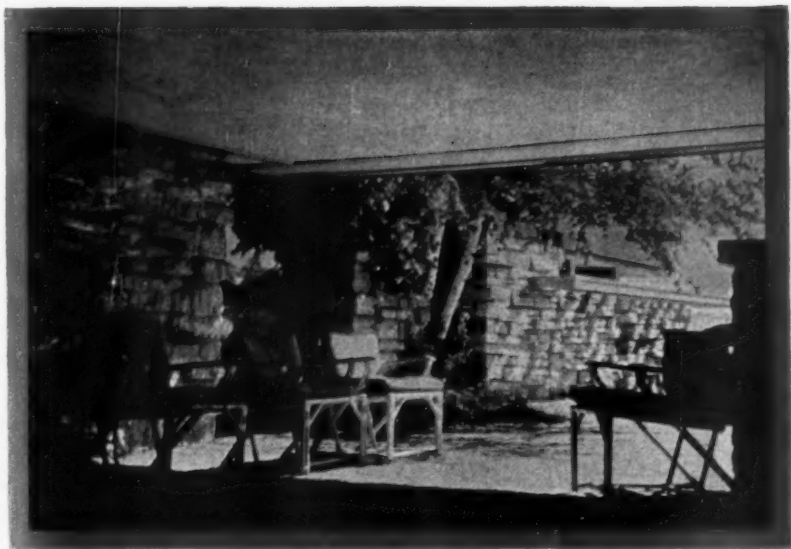
TALIESIN AMUSEMENT CENTER—THE PLAYHOUSE

This master-builder avows the affinity of the arts. "That is ear-music," he says, "and this—" waving his hand toward all Taliesin, "is eye-music." Music, architecture, and all the arts are interchangeable, to him. "I could have been a composer, or a painter, or a writer, for that matter. An artist is simply someone with unusual sense and objectivity." There can be no such thing, he contends, as genius for one art alone, though "a man may be so foolish as to train himself in only one."

And there he reveals his passion for the fully-rounded life; his hatred of specialization. Taliesin is to remove the curse of specialization from today's

education. Frank Lloyd Wright is constantly preaching "the thing as a whole." His favorite word next to "integral" is "organic." "Nothing is of value except as it is naturally related to the whole in the direction of some living purpose." This goes for the building of a house or of a human character. It is the leit-motif of Broad-acre City, a design for civilization. And how do his apprentices go about developing the "sense of the whole"?

First, they do all kinds of work. They farm the two hundred acres of Taliesin, raise wheat and corn, make wine from the hillside grapes, fill the root-cellar with vegetables, preserve fruits; they take turns in cooking, in



#### BUILDINGS MERGE WITH LANDSCAPE

baking bread and cake for the Fellowship; they build roads, plant trees, between their whiles making designs, tracing plans, superintending buildings. They bolster the trusses, they lay the stone flooring of the new drafting room. Construction is never ended at Taliesin.

In the drafting room, lettered in red and black, hangs Frank Lloyd Wright's "Work Song," written in his youth. The first verse of four reads:

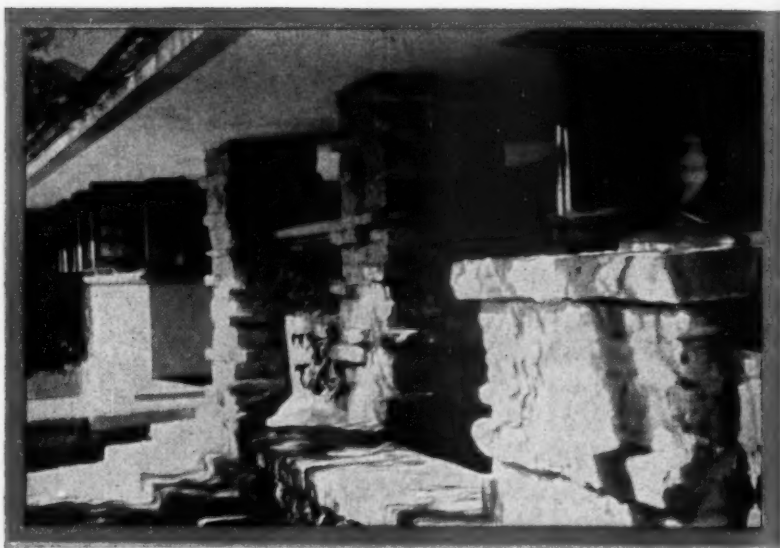
I'll work  
As I'll think  
As I am!  
No thought of Fashion or Sham  
Nor for Fortune the Jade  
Serve vile Gods-of-Trade

My Thought as beseemeth a Man  
My Thought

Thought that beseemeth the Man

Some of the apprentices are graduate architects, engineers; others are straight out of high school; the fee is eleven hundred a year, but, I know, some of them are accepted gratis. They remain three years, five years—perhaps only a few months, perhaps for life. Winters, the whole Fellowship goes to Arizona. With many jobs in construction, things are fairly comfortable now; but only three winters ago they braved Wisconsin's freezing winds; Mr. Wright was so "hard-up" at the time that half the apprentices, in turns, spent their energy chopping





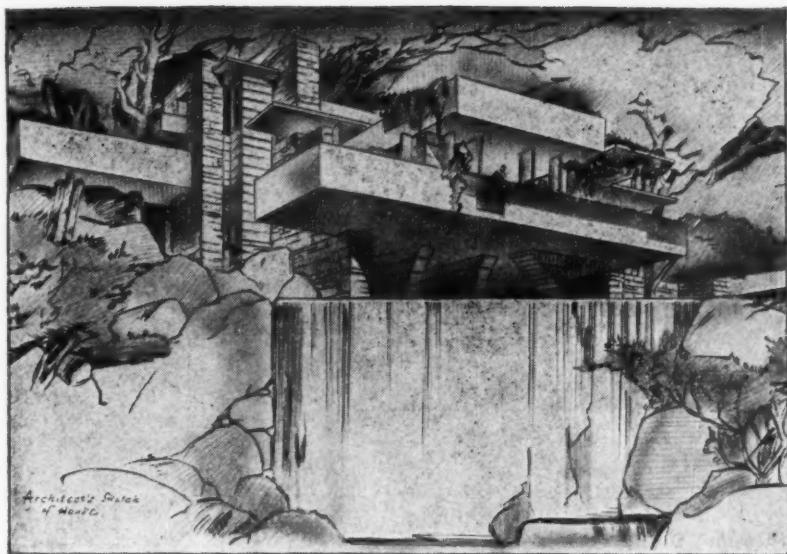
#### CONSTRUCTION HARMONIZES WITH TERRAIN

and hauling fire-logs to keep the other half warm and their energies have been expended on similar defenses ever since the beginning of the Fellowship.

Evenings there is music, talk, often a gathering in the master's living room. Distinguished artists, designers, musicians from all over the world make the pilgrimage to Taliesin. Sunday has a special routine. At eleven, Taliesin goes on a picnic. This, Mr. Wright offers as a fair substitute for church services. The fleet of deep Indian red cars and trucks rolls out over the hills, winding up on some promontory from which one views ravines and farm-lands. Like clockwork,

campfires are built, steaks for forty people broiled, consumed. For an hour, folks loll around, talk. On one such occasion at which I happened to be present the master offers to read something. "I had this on my mind, and got up at three a. m. to write it." On the typewritten pages in his hand is his reaction to his recent trip to Russia. He went there highly skeptical, returned warmly appreciative.

"In the United States, capital and labor are two fists continually at each other, producing a country divided against itself; in the U. S. S. R., they form a two-handed affair, two hands working together." He is excited over the pace of building, the construction



### HOUSE FOR EDGAR KAUFMANN, PITTSBURGH, PA.

there, the energy and spirit of the people.

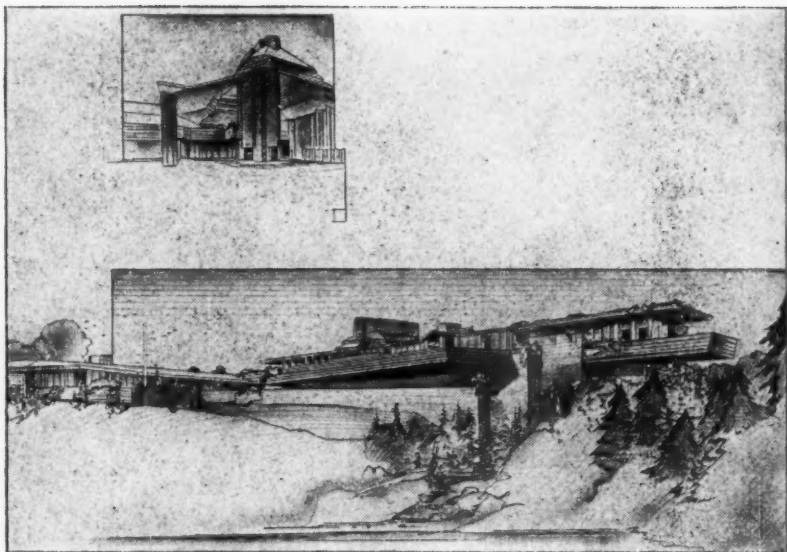
Sprawled picturesquely over the rocks, some in shorts, some in corduroys, the women in brilliant reds, yellows, blues, daughter Svetlana in a billowy peasant-skirt, Olgivanna, his wife, in delicate summery prints, Iovanna, child in pig-tails, climbing the cliff—they make an idyllic picture, altogether.

The picnic heads home for the Sunday afternoon entertainment at the Playhouse and the list of films shown at Taliesin is a list of the best foreign and American cinema-art.

The theatre itself is amazingly colorful, entirely of oak with hanging

balconies, seat-rows at an angle to the screen, leafy tree-branches as decoration in places made for them in the oak screens, roll-up bamboo-like shades over the huge studio windows, and brilliant window and stage curtains, the first craft-work of the Fellowship, in a scheme designed by their master. Often meals are carried here. Wouldn't it be simpler to eat in the dining room, instead of carting the supper to the theatre? "Sure," an apprentice remarks, adding, with a gay laugh, "but this way, we get a sense of space."

The "sense of space" is one of the master's pet phrases, and the key to his architecture. For he strives to get



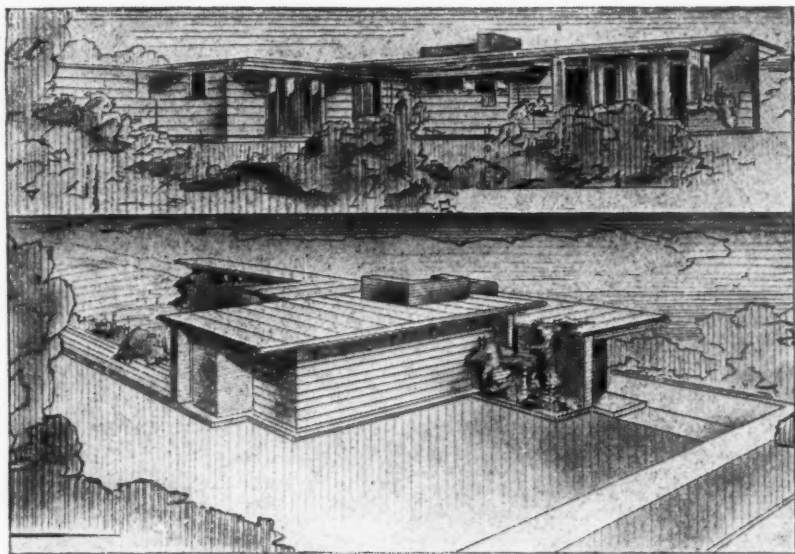
HOUSE FOR HERBERT F. JOHNSON, RACINE, WISCONSIN

rid of the oppression of enclosing walls. The house must be one with outdoors. Even in his first residence, built in Oak Park, there was the elimination of the little rooms, all of the useless partitions that cluttered homes of the period. Sewing rooms, living rooms, music rooms, dining rooms, sitting rooms were thrown into one large living room. Windows ceased to be holes in the wall, walls rather became connectives to window-spaces. The cornerwise, or wrap-around, window so popular in "modernist" architecture was first used by him in 1903!

Sunday evenings is dress-up time of the week. Supper is served in the

master's living room and Taliesin's own wine made by Mrs. Wright and the apprentices is served with it. The girls appear sleek and strange in evening gowns; the men hard to recognize in pressed suits. There is chamber-music, singing and discussion with the guests. A perfectly informal occasion.

Taliesin may seem to be a little Utopia, a Shangri-la, with its rhythmical life, but it has been achieved only through astounding hardship. Frank Lloyd Wright's career is the most certain contradiction of the adage about the mousetrap. He could build practically anything better than his neighbor, but the world of yesterday seemed intent only upon nailing



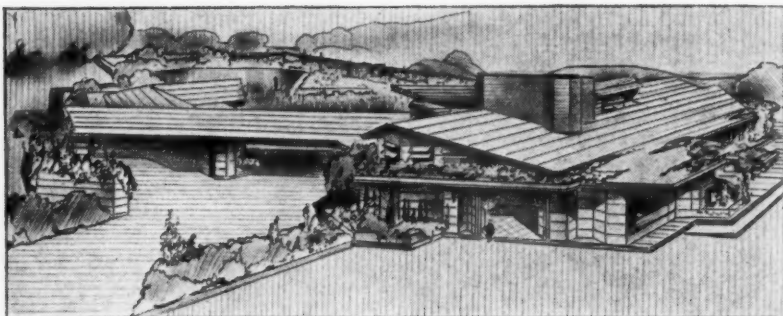
HOUSE FOR HERBERT JACOBS, MADISON, WIS.

up his door. Practically seventeen years of the maturity of the master-builder was unutilized by the society of his own country. There was a period of seven years, at the peak of his creative power, when he was not given a single building to build, although he kept on building up Taliesin.

It would seem that his American common-sense approach to architecture would have been readily accepted, and it was to a remarkable extent. Yet his life is one long story of battle with contractors and doubting engineers. Doubly strange, as for a boy he had gone through an experience which made it certain he would

never put up a building of whose safety he wasn't positive. He had seen the State capitol in Madison collapse, seen people crushed to death in the debris. He studied engineering before architecture.

Yet the struggle began with that windmill tower, which Cramer, carpenter and "good enough architect around here, too," declared would never withstand a Wisconsin storm. For thirty-five years, Wright's doubting uncles came out after every thunder-storm to see whether it had fallen. It has outlived them all. Then came Unity Temple, the church in Oak Park which was the first monolithic use of concrete. Church committees



HOUSE FOR PROF. PAUL HANNA, PALO ALTO, CALIF.

were skeptical. Contractors refused to bid on the job. Wright got it built.

He had a fairly successful period, in Oak Park; has put up nearly two hundred buildings, some of them great ones known around the world. Immersed in work, he had become a stranger to his family. Probably he had, by then, grown far ahead of his child-love wife. Domestic troubles began. He wanted a divorce, was refused, went into exile abroad. Returning, he went back to his people in Wisconsin, built Taliesin in the ancestral valley for his second mate. They were never married. One night while he was in Chicago building Midway Gardens, a servant ran amok, hacked seven people to death, set fire to the place. This was "God's punishment," in the yellow press.

The living quarters had burned down. The workshop stood. That saved the architect and the man. He set to work, rebuilt. While he was still numb, emotionally, another woman

came to him—the exotic Miriam Noel. They went to Japan, where he was to build the Imperial Hotel.

Again, the unbelievers. Wright planned to float the building on short pin-piers reaching into the sixty feet of mud-bed, to build it light and flexible, so that it would ride an earthquake. The government waived the rules and put the affair up to the owners should the building collapse. It stood, the only safe place in Tokio, through the worst quake in history. Still the world would not let him go on building. The design of his private life, as unconventional as his architectural design, was just as firmly based on the necessity of principle. Only, the human materials were faultier than concrete and steel. He had received a divorce, at last, from his first wife, and married Miriam Noel. Then it appeared that Miriam Noel was psychopathic.

He was again in Taliesin, when the second fire came. Once more the

working half was saved. And while building Taliesin III, he was with his present wife, Olgivanna. There were years of the most fantastic persecutions aided by publicity and Miriam Noel. She had him arrested for the Mann act even after a divorce had apparently been granted; deportation of Olgivanna was attempted; there were lurid flights, nights in jail—and in the end, Miriam Noel sold him a final decree in return for the last scraps of his fortune and died.

Then Taliesin was taken by the bank. During all this time, what projects he had designed! What heart-breaking, last minute cancellations he had experienced! In the studio stands a skyscraper model for a cantilever glass and metal building more modern than the ultra-modern Chicago *Daily News Building*. Wright's model for an organic structure is dated 1903. There stands the rendering of a block-square glittering copper-and-glass skyscraper for the National Life Insurance Company; it is still fifty years ahead of the Empire State: all set to build in 1923, when the company was wiped out in a depression.

There is the model for eighteen-story St. Mark's Tower, for New York, all steel-web and glass, all sun-filled, all open, yet cunningly individual and practical for living purposes. The depression stopped the job. He pioneered air-conditioning, metal furnishing and fire-proofing in the Larkin building thirty years ago. Today he is pioneering a new heating system, eliminating

radiators, letting heated floors distribute warmth evenly through the rooms of his new houses.

Meantime the banks had found no one else could make use of Taliesin, so they called him back some years ago. Arrangement was made to "incorporate" Frank Lloyd Wright for \$70,000. This corporation faded away about 1930. Then he started the Fellowship in 1932.

Slowly, commissions again began to trickle in. Among the many misapprehensions regarding Frank Lloyd Wright is the idea that his buildings are fabulous in cost. Yet here is the Herbert Jacobs house, built for a reporter in Madison, total cost, \$5,500. Here are models for pre-fabricated houses, from \$1800 up. Frank Wright, apostle of individualism, designing prefabricated houses! He sees no contradiction. It is his job to individualize even such houses, and forty different combinations of these prefabricated sections are possible.

This prefabricated model is only one of the hundreds of inventive features in his Broadacre City, where every dwelling has at least an acre of ground, where auto roads are concave, low-lighted, center-drained, where there are no poles, wires, or ditches, where there is "no private ownership of public property, no public ownership of private property," where nine sectarian temples are built around a central temple of universal worship. Broadacre City may never be built. Yet, like many of Wright's



unbuilt projects, it has already led to advances in housing and new ideas in city planning.

In Mill Run, Pennsylvania, he is completing a house over a waterfall, for Mr. Edgar Kaufmann, who loved the tinkle and splash of the stream that ran through his woods. "Why not build your house over it?" the architect suggested. In Racine, Wisconsin, he is building both home and office for Herbert Johnson, the floor-wax magnate. It is in the office building that Wright has let himself go. A car-port, with employees' sport-courts on the roof, leads into the main structure. Rows of glass tubing band the windowless building, providing more light-area than conventional sets of windows. Two huge ventilator stacks, Wright calls them nostrils, reach up like giant ship-funnels, sucking air down into the conditioning plant and breathing it out again.

The vast main office is studded with slender tapered columns. Here is Wright's latest invention, the source of his latest battle. Until now, this type of support has been regarded much as a plate balanced on a stick. There was a rule of thumb formula for measuring the stress—a simple right-angle stress. When Wright turned in his plans, the state building department was aghast. According to their computation his slender pillars could be allowed a safety load of only two tons. The estimated load was twelve tons.

Building permission was refused.

So Frank Lloyd Wright offered to make a test. He set up a sample pillar and invited building department, cement company and all comers to observe. They began hauling sandbags and pig iron onto the table top of the pillar. Twelve tons—the estimated heaviest load for the building—were on. More bags and pig iron. Twenty tons, thirty—the afternoon was waning. Finally, sixty tons lay on the pillar; night had fallen, and anyway there was no room to pile on more. So they let it go at sixty tons. The only way they could crash the sample pillar was to tip it over.

Where was the secret? Had Frank Lloyd Wright violated mathematical fact? Architects, engineers began to study the pillar. The secret was in its curving expansion; the formula could no longer be a simple matter of right-angled stress, but of diagonal stresses one against the other. It had simply taken the mind of a genius to make the leap; for in Wright's mind the whole thing existed as one element, he "knew" the combination of concrete and steel and curving shape.

An engineer comes to Taliesin, with another famous German architect. They marvel over Wright's new pillar. "Yes, you could figure it out mathematically," the engineer says. The engineer looks around the place, as does the designer, as does the visiting architect. "You know, I feel like I could stay here for a while and do some work."

—MEYER LEVIN



# THE "PROPHETIC CENTURIES"

THE INCREDIBLE VERSES OF NOSTRADAMUS,  
THE MAN WHO COULD FORETELL THE FUTURE



READERS of the scientific news have been accustomed to amazing things. Nevertheless, knowing that these events have rational explanations, they read without much mental shock or reaction. The following facts, however, though no one has yet explained them, are the truth; they may be verified by the ordinary means; they have been discussed and checked in many books during the last three hundred years. All the evidence is known and in plain sight; there is no chance of error. They are as fully authenticated as the death of Charles I or the existence of Napoleon.

And yet, so revolutionary are the conclusions to be drawn from them, and so prodigious would be the results of their general acceptance on science and philosophy, that men have shrunk from them with a sort of involuntary terror, just as they cannot bear the intense blaze of lightning. Investigators have either ridiculed them or refrained from carrying their conclusions to the logical limit. They were wise in doing so. For the story is so inconceivable that the human mind is scarcely capable of grasping it.

There was once a man who could foretell the future. There is no obscurity or dimness about him. We know much more about him than we know about Shakespeare. The facts of his life and prophecies are attested to be several well-known and trustworthy historians.

His name was Michel Nostradamus. He was of Jewish descent; his ancestors were men of learning; and he was born in Provence, France, in 1503. He studied widely, became a physician, was acquainted with the men of learning of his time, dabbled in alchemy and cabalism, and finally settled down in the town of Salon, France, where he became famous for his magic. He died in the year 1566. The date is important, for it means that the prophecies fulfilled subsequently were real prophecies, though many of them were published posthumously.

In 1553, for no apparent reason, he began composing these prophecies, in the form of four-line verses. The first edition of them was published in 1555. More appeared in 1558, in 1568, and the last, the complete edition, in 1605. Some of the prophecies

were fulfilled before the latter date, both during Nostradamus' lifetime and afterwards.

Altogether he wrote nearly a thousand of the verses. They are cast in a curious, cryptic form, full of puns, plays on words, anagrams, and technical terms. Nevertheless, if sufficiently studied, they give up facts which, for sheer amazement, have never been equalled. This is their principal basis for verification: there are in existence numerous copies of the *Prophetic Centuries*, as Nostradamus called them, in which the doubter may read for himself. Today, in the year 1937, you can go to the British Museum and hold in your hand a book printed 332 years ago, containing the names and an account of the activities of two men who were born 180 years ago (verse 834).

The first prophecy to be fulfilled was printed in 1555, in French, and went as follows (verse 35):

*Le lyon jeune le vieux surmontera  
En champ bellique par singulier duelle:  
Dans cage d'or les yeux crevera,  
Deux classes une, puis mourir, mort cruelle.*

The young lion will conquer the old  
On the field of war by a curious duel:  
In a cage of gold the eyes will be burst,  
Two ranks against one, then to die, a  
cruel death.

Four years later, on July 10, 1559, Henri II, King of France, was blinded in one eye in a tournament by his opponent, who accidentally thrust his

lance between the bars of the king's gold vizor. The lance pierced the eye. There is no doubt of these facts. Several copies of the 1555 edition still exist, with the date on the title-page and their authenticity otherwise corroborated, with the fatal verse down in black and white. As a result of this prophecy Nostradamus became famous over all Europe.

Henri II lived several months after his blinding. Verse 255 goes as follows:

In the year when the one-eyed man  
shall reign in France  
The court will enter upon serious  
difficulties;  
The Great One at Blois will kill his  
friend;  
The troubled kingdom will split in two.

Henri II was the only one-eyed man ever to reign over France. His death in 1559 was followed by many troubles. The Huguenots became mutinous. When his son Henri III ascended the throne in 1574 he immediately executed the Duke of Guise, one of his best friends. For twenty years after there was a civil war between two branches of the royal house.

In 1556 Henri II himself read the verse predicting his own blindness. He was skeptical; but, persuaded by his wife, Catherine de Medici, he invited Nostradamus to Paris. Catherine was ambitious for her three sons; and when Nostradamus predicted that they would all ascend a throne, she delightedly pictured them ruling over all Europe. The predic-

tion came true: her sons did all ascend a throne, but it was the same throne. Francis reigned 1559-1560; Charles, 1560-1574; Henri, 1574-1589.

All this took place more or less during the period before 1605, when the definitive edition of the prophecies was published. In order to be on the safe side, therefore, we must accept as real prophecies only those that were fulfilled after that date. It is quite possible that a few forgeries may have crept in. Verse 922 says:

The King of the isles will be banished  
by fortune,  
And in his place one with never a  
trace of royalty.

This seems to refer to the banishment of Charles II and the usurpation by Cromwell. However, verse 949 is much more specific:

The Senate of London will put to  
death their king.

That is, the English Parliament ordered the execution of Charles I in 1649, forty-four years after any possible forgery of the prophecies could have taken place. The verses go into more detail:

In England, one more ruthless than  
the King  
Will come from obscurity and take  
the empire by force:  
Cowardly, without faith, without law,  
he will bleed the land,  
His time approaches so fast that I  
sigh.

Oliver Cromwell, born of poor parents, certainly took the empire by force and in doing so was a good deal more ruthless than the king. The insults of the last two lines are natural coming from Nostradamus, who, no matter how titanic his powers were, was still bound by his royalist class-prejudices. Verse 765 continues the story:

That old man, frustrated in his chief  
hope,  
Will become absolute master of his  
empire:  
Twenty months he will hold it in absolute power.  
A tyrant, more cruel in leaving a  
worse tyrant behind him.

More sneers from Nostradamus. Cromwell, having dismissed Parliament in 1655, made himself dictator for twenty months until his death. Historians are undecided whether he wanted to be king or not: he was offered the crown, but perhaps popular opinion deterred him. Nostradamus, however, a century previous, has settled the question. Cromwell *did* want to be king, and the historians can make up. But he died, leaving his son Richard, who made an awful mess of things. The verses here skip nine years (verse 151):

The blood of the righteous will be  
missing from London:  
Burnt by the lightning of sixty-six.

That is, London will be very wicked and will be burnt in the year sixty-

six. Everyone is familiar with the dissoluteness of the court of Charles II and the Great Fire of London in 1666.

The verses often mention names, though they are twisted about in all manner of ways, as in the following:

When Innocent shall hold the place  
of Peter,  
The Sicilian Nizaram shall give himself  
Many honors, but at length shall fall  
Into filthy civil war.

The place of Peter is the papal chair. Pope Innocent X reigned from 1644 to 1655. At this time Cardinal Mazarin was at the height of his power. "Nizaram" is an anagram of Mazarin. He was born in Sicily. His power came to an end with the civil war of the Fronde, described by Dumas in the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*. Nothing could be more complete. Verse 962 takes up the tale:

When the fork is supported by two  
pillars  
With six half-horns and six opened  
scissors,  
That powerful lord, heir of the toads,  
Will conquer for himself the whole  
world.

It doesn't sound very intelligent. But when we remember the device of the Merovingians, light begins to fall. A fork, of course, is a V. Supported by two pillars it becomes an M. A half-horn is a C. Opened scissors are an X. Therefore an M, six C's, and

six X's make MCCCCCXXXXXX, which is 1660. In that year Louis XIV, of the Merovingian line, having got rid of Cardinal Mazarin and having married Maria Theresa of Spain, became the most powerful monarch in Europe.

At one point Nostradamus makes some very detailed observations on the French Revolution (verse 942):

Affairs will go too well, the King too  
yielding,  
He changes his mind constantly, too  
negligent, then sudden.  
He will follow the whims of his light  
but loyal wife  
And his very benevolence will cause  
his death.

This might be a thumbnail sketch, made on the spot, of Louis XVI. All historians testify to the extraordinary peace and prosperity of France during the 1780's. But Louis, with his weak character, allowing himself to be bound by Marie Antoinette's escapades, and by being so easy-going in affairs of state, helped to precipitate the revolution.

Presently the government was overthrown and he was imprisoned. He made a false step (verse 820):

In the night there will come into the  
forest . . . . .  
Two fugitives . . . . .  
The black monk in gray in Varennes,  
And the consequences are tempests,  
fire, blood, and the cutting-off (of  
the royal line).

On June 20, 1789, Louis XVI and his wife, disguised as monks in black and gray, escaped from Paris. After two hours their flight was discovered; they were pursued, captured in the forest of Varennes, and brought back to Paris. The people considered that Louis had broken faith with them on account of this, and the flight was one of the reasons for his subsequent execution.

Verse 834:

The returned husband, alone, will be  
crowned with a miter;  
An attack will be made upon the  
potteries  
By the five hundred. A famous traitor  
will be Narbon,  
And Saulce, watcher of his family  
tallow-cans.

After having been brought back from Varennes, Louis was mobbed by the Jacobins and forced to wear a revolutionary cockade, a miter. He was alone at the time, Marie Antoinette being elsewhere.

On October 5, 1789, five hundred revolutionary soldiers attacked the palace. The name is significant: it was the Tuileries, built after Nostradamus' death and named for the potteries (French *thuille*) on the site.

As for the famous traitors, Count Narbonne-Lara was a minister of Louis who went over to the revolutionists. Sauce was the mayor of Varennes, who recognized Louis and betrayed him. As for the "family tallow-cans," investigation has revealed

a disturbing fact. Sauce was the owner of a little candle-factory which he had inherited.

The *Centuries* refer to many different persons. The following verse, for instance, seems to be about Napoleon, who married an Austrian and had Polish and Egyptian mistresses:

No French king ever had his name;  
Never was a lightning so much feared.  
Italy, Spain, and the English shall  
tremble;  
He will be attracted to foreign women.

Nostradamus even mentions the United States:

The West shall be free of the British  
Isles,  
And Scottish pirates shall rebel on the  
sea.

The last line seems to refer to John Paul Jones, who was Scotch.

There are plenty of prophecies referring to the far distant future. One of them even has a definite date (verse 972):

In the year one thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine  
From the sky will come a terrible king.

This king will descend on Paris and destroy it. He will come from Asia, speaking a strange tongue, will have frightful weapons, and his men will keep reindeer!

Some of us will have the opportunity of confirming this prophecy in 1999.

Nostradamus goes even farther. He

predicts the destruction by fire of Paris several times. It will finally be annihilated in the year 3420. For the year 7000 he predicts a catastrophe that will shake the world.

By and large, the scientific investigator has no alternative but to accept the fact that Nostradamus possessed and exercised the power of foretelling the future. How he did it, of course, is a question. His own evidence is untrustworthy. He declared that the future was as plain to him as the past—that he could give names and dates for all events in the future. He also said that he got his knowledge from a number of old Egyptian manuscripts which had been handed down in his family for centuries. After he had mastered their contents, he burned them.

But this will not hold water. Out of all the wrack of medieval alchemy, cabalism, divination, and astrology—out of all the old magic of the world, from the animism of the voodooists to the Hindu sacred books and the Egyptian astronomies, not one single illuminating scientific fact has emerged. None of the ancients were clearly able to accomplish anything that we of today cannot. No man but Nostradamus has ever made an indisputedly correct prophecy.

I think it is obvious, therefore, that his knowledge did not come from his books or his divinations or anything but himself. The researches of Einstein have thrown a little light on the problem. Time is a dimension, as real

as the other dimensions. And if we are to accept a purely causal universe, one which follows absolutely the laws of logic, it is obvious that determinism—what the Calvinists call predestination—is true. The future exists; it is made up of the unalterable causes existing in the present, in embryo, and out of them the future will develop as inevitably and as logically as gravitation.

Nostradamus could have been gifted beyond other men in being able to see *through* the time-dimension. Science has not yet arrived at a point where it knows everything; and it is quite possible that some men have senses of a fine and mysterious nature. Nostradamus probably had a sixth sense of this kind. But he could not have seen the future clearly and in detail—only in small bits and scraps, confused and blurred. It must have come obscurely and irregularly. And that is all that can be said on the subject in our present state of knowledge.

Just how he got his curious gift, and the manner in which it was exercised is an absolute mystery. We may never solve it. But if we do, a thousand years from now, it will be at a time when men, having learned enough of the universe and of themselves, will be able to make an equation containing *all* the factors and thus predict the future in a scientific manner. Men will then be the masters of their own futures and will be able to watch them approach, unafraid.

—CHARLES HAMMER



## A NOTE ON ROSSINI

THE WORKS OF ITALY'S MUSIC-JESTER STILL  
HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO PEP UP OUR CONCERTS



AT eighteen Rossini was an opera composer and an accomplished voluptuary. At thirty-eight he had ceased to be either. A fast worker, he crowded all his forty operas and as many famous beauties into the second quarter of his life. The rest of his days he lived on his reputation, embroidering the wise-cracks other people made about him.

To Wagner, this might have seemed a crime, unique in the history of music. To Rossini, it was an unadulterated pleasure. He enjoyed good living. He reveled in creature-comforts. His mission in life was having fun, and it was a labor of love.

Why keep on turning out operas? It was a nuisance and, besides, he was fed up with being the most painted man of the time. He saw no reason to be bothered with another inamorata. He had experienced all anyone could teach him. It was decidedly more original to concoct new delicacies with which to titillate his palate.

So he retired in Paris as Composer to His Majesty and Inspector-General of Singing and spent his days at the Boulevard cafe tables, "inspect-

ing," as he said, "street singers." His Saturday evening salon was packed with celebrities. His reputation as *le grand gourmet* grew while he rarefied the cuisine of France and created the dishes that to this day bear his name.

In the end he endured the dourlest punishment: he lost his taste. He could not eat. He suffered from insomnia and cursed himself that he had not the courage to commit suicide.

He died fat, bald, decrepit, and paretic. A figure of the first eminence, a lion among lions, he had a funeral sumptuous in every detail. Patti and Alboni joined voices in his own *Stabat Mater*. His remains were removed to his native land just fifty years ago and today the imposing sarcophagus containing them is one of the principal sights in the *Chiesa di Santa Croce*, the Florentine Pantheon.

★ ★ ★

Rossini's outward life belies the man. To the world, he appeared gay and casual, a likable, mocking fellow who preferred a joke to a fortune. While celebrating the carnival at Venice, dressing up with Paganini in female rags and masquerading as a



street singer, he was at the same time able to get out of visiting Caroline of Brunswick by explaining, though he was not yet twenty-six, that "certain rheumatic affections deprived him of elasticity in his spine and did not permit him to make the customary bows prescribed by court etiquette."

Ever making fun at the expense of other musicians, he told a nephew of Meyerbeer, who composed a funeral march to commemorate his uncle's death: "Frankly now, wouldn't it have been better if you had died and your uncle had written this march?"

The titles of his miniature pieces reveal his love for merry-making. They include: *Hygienic Prelude for Morning Use*, *The Radishes*, *Sins of My Old Age*, or *A Little Pleasure-Trip on the Train*, *Miscarriage of a Polka Mazurka*.

\* \* \*

Underneath his masque of gaiety and wit, however, Rossini was abnormally sensitive. The prospect of a failure in the theatre gave him cold chills. If a first night went badly he took to bed to avoid being seen in the theatre again. He was known to faint when a few in the audience hissed.

Advancing age aggravated his nervousness. When the Theatre Italien burned, he was prostrated by the mere thought that he might have been in it. His one and only railway journey came to a sudden end when he collapsed from fright and the train had to be stopped.

The least mental effort brought on complete exhaustion. It was not laziness

alone that caused him to cease writing at the height of his fame. He explained it differently. To de Sanctis he confided it was because he had no son. Speaking to Wagner, he attributed it to the fact that there were no longer singers capable of interpreting his music. To Pacini he explained he was out of sympathy with the times. The fact is that in later years his melodies did not come so easily. *The Barber of Seville* took two weeks, *William Tell* nine months.

Rivals attributed his success to sex-appeal, and there is no doubting that his rose-bud lips, curly hair, bright cheeks, and come-on eyes wrought considerable havoc among inflammable Neapolitan beauties. Wagner, himself a virtuoso in such matters, admitted envy. But, in the end, it was Rossini's sparkling, witty, exuberant music with its speed, gusto, and dionysiac rhythm that won him the applause of both Beethoven and Wagner.

\* \* \*

Except for an odd aria or an occasional overture, his music is seldom heard today. Partly this is due to snobbism, partly to lack of capable singers, and partly to the dearth of good wind-players. Many listeners don't know that Rossini used clarinets and French horns more neatly than any one. In this respect, he was the most "absolute" of musicians: his tunes came into his head unconnected with any definite quality of tone and were handed over to the instrument they would sound prettiest on, with-

out the slightest regard for the technical convenience of the player.

Our musical sophisticates have, as might be expected, turned thumbs down on Rossini. Drunk on ambrosial Wagnerian love-potions, they get no thrill from his simple whisky-and-water crescendo. Such tuneful little trifles as the overture to *Semiramide* and *Una Voce Poco Fa* are rated as fit only for persons of unspeakably common taste. For the moment, Rossini has been tossed into the ashcan, his operas labeled as "glorified bursts of rum-tum, which any donkey could take in at a single hearing." Apparently, the only musicians willing to risk playing him in public are Arturo Toscanini and the U. S. Marine Band.

Rossini, it is true, was all too ready with his bag of tricks, willing to turn them out a second, third, and even a fourth time; and, though they were

daring innovations in his day, as revolutionary in Naples as Gluck's were in France and Mozart's in Germany, they are now irrevocably dated. It is true, also, that his libretti, with the exception of the *Barber*, are hopeless. He might, as he said, as well have set a laundry list to music.

His music, however, which makes no claim to intellectualism, profundity, grandeur, or deep passion, is yet full of nimble and contagious good spirits. And his ability to laugh spontaneously is sorely needed in this post-war day of iron-handed, machine-gun conductors with their heavy-gaited funeral programs and bullying, dull-as-ditch-water commentators. Our concerts have become too high-brow. The fun has gone out of them. We should relax and clown a bit and not be afraid to be at ease with music's foremost Master of Jollity.

—CARLETON SMITH

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of March 3, 1933, of CORONET, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1937, State of Illinois, County of Cook. Before me, a duly authorized notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred Smart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of CORONET, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publishers, David A. Smart and W. H. Weintraub; Editor, Arnold Gingrich; Managing Editor, Arnold Gingrich; Business Manager, Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, 2. That the owner is: ESQUIRE-CORONET, INC.; Stockholders: David A. Smart, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; W. H. Weintraub, 366 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Rameing Corporation, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Alfred R. Pastel, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Arnold Gingrich, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Louis Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Mary Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; John Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; A. D. Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Vera Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Joan Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Richard Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Edgar G. Richards Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Florence Richards Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Sue Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of October, 1937. Alfred Smart, Business Manager. [SEAL] Joseph L. Ross. (My commission expires June 18, 1938).

DECEMBER, 1937

THE original intention was to devote this page this month to the publication of the winning letter in the informal "What is it?" contest that sprang up out of the last paragraph of this page in the October issue. But we're so bogged down with letters that another month will have to go by. Besides, it occurs to us only now that we didn't set a time limit for the eligibility of the letters attempting to define Coronet. Well, then, this is it. Time's up. No letters postmarked later than midnight, November 25, the day this issue hits the stands, can be considered. At this writing, the choice of the winning letter is all snarled up in a three-way tie, so as a penalty for our inability to make up our minds we'll probably have to pay off on our promise at least three times over. Maybe, by the time we've read the last letters, it will be even worse—or better, depending on the point of view.

\* \* \*

Coronet has a new stepsister, as it were, in VERVE, the international quarterly of the arts published in France for simultaneous sale here and abroad. That is to say, Esquire-Coronet, Inc. are VERVE's sole American representatives. If you like "art in little," as presented in Coronet's photographs and color pages, then the chances are much better than even that you will like "art in large" as presented in the full-folio-size pages of VERVE. And if you are looking for the last word in Christmas presents, for

the proverbial friend "who has everything," nothing could be newer and smarter than VERVE, whether you give a single copy of the first issue, at \$2.50, or a year's subscription at \$10 for the four quarterly numbers. The first issue, with its specially designed cover by Matisse, its specially written articles by Gide and Malraux, its large folio color albums of both mediaeval and modern art, its photographs by Man Ray, Brassai, Blumenfeld—to highspot only a few of its multitude of features—is a collector's item of first magnitude. Although it will reach these shores for the first time only a few days after this achieves print, there has already been something of a scramble for copies. Naturally, yearly subscriptions will have to take precedence over orders for single copies, and because the edition is not large we can't promise definitely that we can save a copy for you, but this much we can do, out of "family" feeling for Coronet readers: if you write in for a copy of the booklet describing the first issue of VERVE, which is free upon request, and if you mention that you read about it on this page, we will automatically record to your name a five day option on one of the coveted first copies, at the regular publication price of \$2.50, thus giving you first crack at a collector's item. This may not sound so very generous—unless and until you remember how people toured entire cities, and even counties, in a vain endeavor to pick up a copy of the first issue of Coronet.

